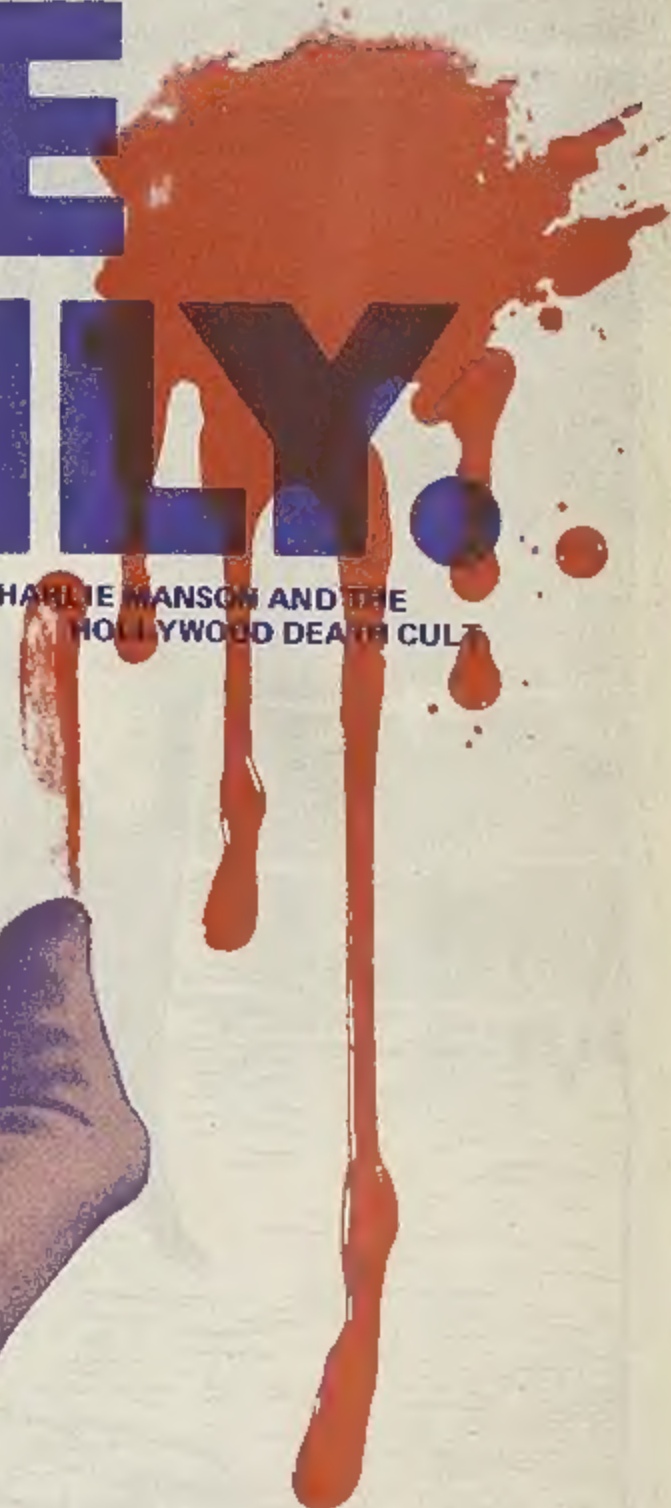




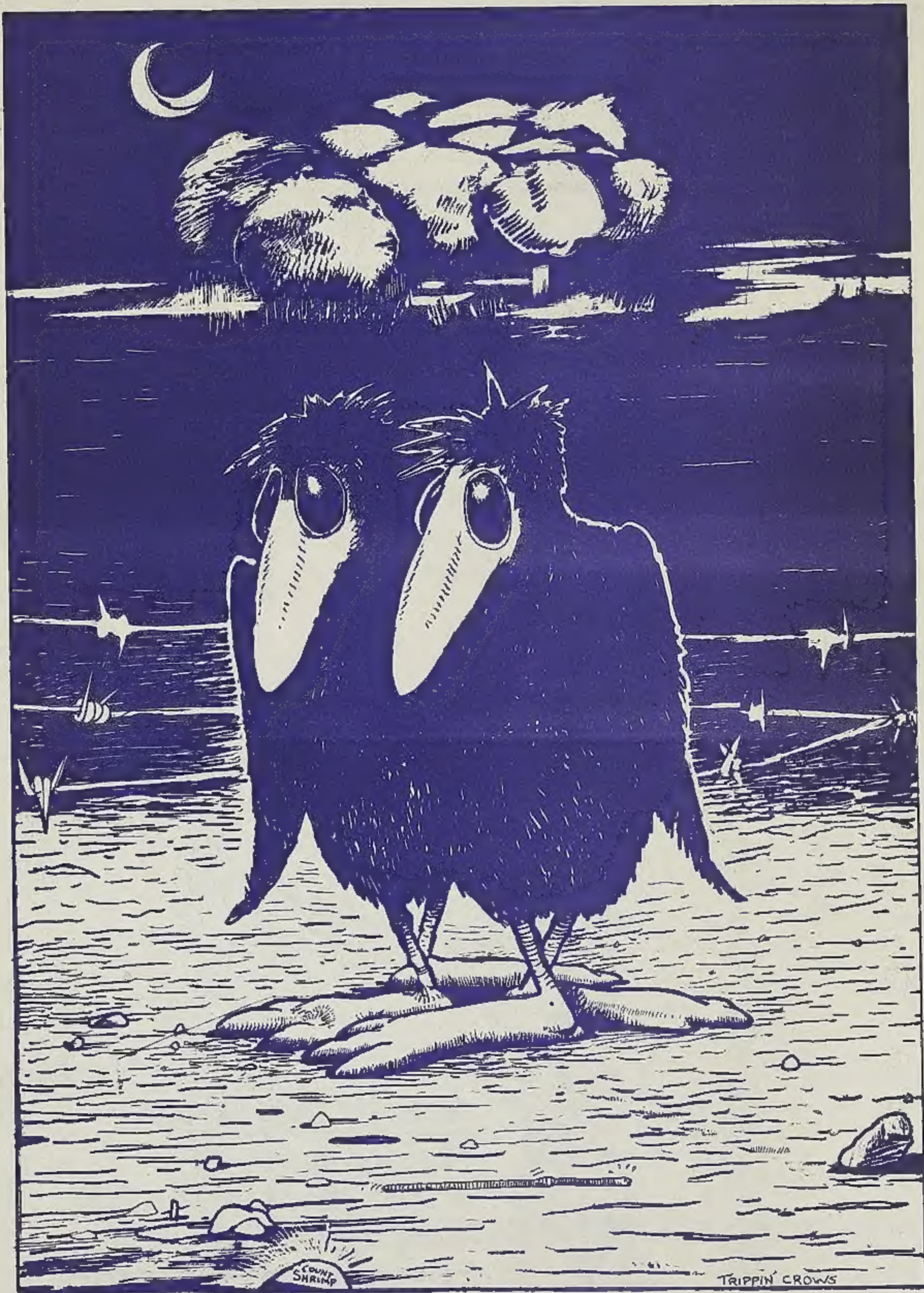
Number 127. April 6. Price 15p.

THE FAMILY

CHARLIE MANSON AND THE
HOLLYWOOD DEATH CULT



Also in this issue
Mark Lane:
Assassination U.S.A.
Bummers:
how to lose your mind.

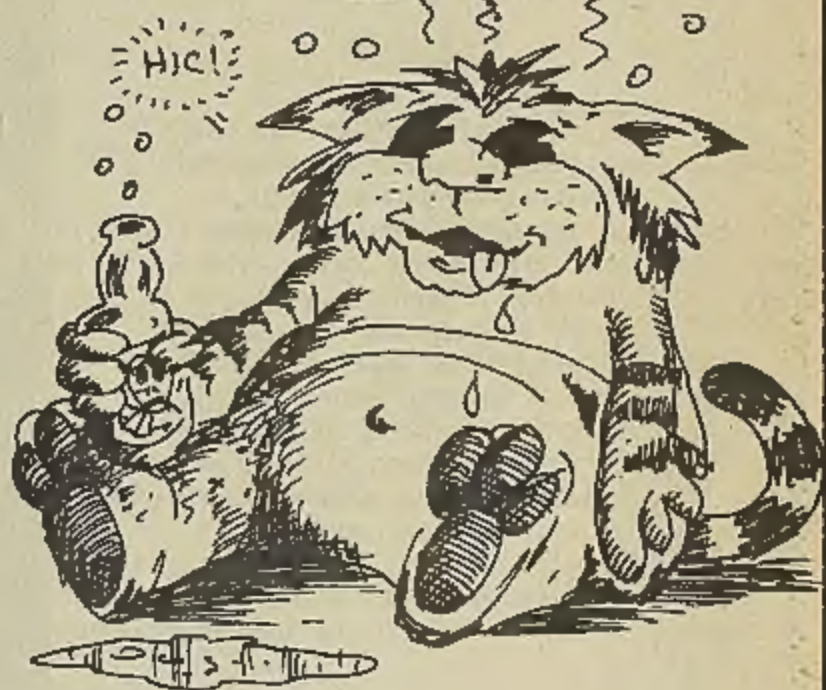


COUNT
SHRIMP

TRIPPIN CROWS

Mick Jagger thought it was rubbish

The Guardian thought it was great *it* didn't give a shit either way

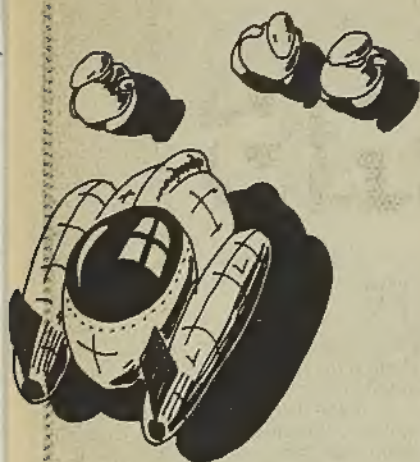


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FANMAIL

Dear IT:

What have you done? Maybe folks got a bit pissed off with your occasionally illegible pages but did you have to go this far (no. 125) to correct it? At first glance I thought it was a daily newspaper I'd picked up. And where's Clara Bow gone, hey? IT seems to have gone from a worthwhile (if expensive) U.P. paper to a crappy 'Woman's Weekly' type rag. I mean 'Lesbians—the truly liberated woman'—I'm sure that was lifted straight from the Sunday newspapers. There may be 52 pages, but there seems to be less to read in there now. Please do something about it, as it's made me very sad.

Love and peace,
King Rupert III (and Wonder Rat)
Hereford

Dear IT:

Congratulations on your new magazine. While some of the articles in the first issue tend to drag a bit, I reckon the layout is good. I thought Dylan, the Pyramids, Lesbians and reviews were good. Lets have more interesting articles.

Good luck for the future,
Love, Jerry,
"Glasysers," Piggotts Hill, High Wycombe, Bucks.

Dear IT:

What the fuck was that blue white chicken net background shit in 'Death of an Ocean' (IT/126)? Printing on pictures, the words and the picture should re-inforce what the other is saying but when it's pointless chicken net obliterating what you're trying to read well fuck man, come on..

Sorry to bitch
To the second dawning
G. Smith, Earls Court

Dear IT:

"The Luck of the Irish" by John and Yoko Lennon.

Our song, "The Luck of the Irish" stirred up a lot of people in England; we're glad it has caused the English people to discuss what's going on there. All profits from the record will go to the Civil Rights Movement in Ireland.

Of course we sympathize with soldiers who are killed or wounded, anywhere, as we feel for the American soldiers forced to fight in Vietnam, but our deepest sympathies must surely go to the victims of British and American Imperialism.

Our song says, "blame it all on the kids and the I.R.A.," which means, let's not kid ourselves that the cause of the troubles in Ireland is the fault of the Irish people themselves, whether they be children, religious freaks or the I.R.A. The real cause of the problem is British Imperialism and, as the song says: "Why the hell are the English there anyway?"

Blaming the problems of Northern Ireland on the I.R.A. is like blaming Vietnam's problems on the N.L.F. Some British politicians say the policy of the I.R.A. is to goad the security forces into going "berserk", firing blindly, etc. How "berserk" do they think the Catholic minority feel—especially with everybody knowing how unjustly they've been treated?

The idea of asking a third of a population to vote to join the majority is insane. If there is to be any referendum, it must be by the whole of Ireland, North and South, voting on its own future. Most of the so-called "Northern Irish Majority" are of Scottish and English descent—people who were sent to Northern Ireland to "colonize" and "anglosize" in the 19th century. Does anyone really think those "bastard Irish" are ever going to give up their power over the native Catholic Irish, vote or no vote?

If the Northern Protestants so desperately want to be British, let them be repatriated back to Britain, in exactly the same way suggested by Enoch Powell, (Member of the British Parliament), for the Blacks, Pakistanis, etc., to be repatriated out of England, and back to their homeland. If you want to be British then move to Britain, but leave Ireland to the Irish....

We ask the U.N. to help in this tragic affair, as soon as possible, because as usual, it is the working class that gets massacred. We also ask for the American Irish to wake up to their responsibility in the same way the Jewish people respond to the problems of Israel.

Sincerely,
John and Yoko Ono Lennon.



LETTERS

Dear IT:

I too am a lesbian. Firstly thanks for putting it across well, but my are you brave! I agree absolutely with Betsy Jane (though I feel there *is* a place in society for men!). Maybe I too am lucky I had a heterosexual marriage before discovering love. But are they typical? The letters you should get from the unliberated lesbians! There is no mention of them in your articles, and the first writer seems to be a latent heterosexual.

I belong to the Campaign for Homosexual Equality. To some its right wing and stiff collars. In reality its aims are broadly to get homosexuals accepted on the same level as the rest of you (us)? We rub along with G.L.F. but lack their enthusiasm to advertise ourselves as the unique, mixed-up, liberated, sexy future homosexual rulers of Gt. Britain.

Well one of C.H.E.'s (and I believe G.L.F.'s) bit problems is to enrol female members. Unfortunately a great many women are terrified of the opposite sex, imagining their angry, aggressive cocks. Also many homosexual men dread the dominant lesbian butch. If homosexuals want to be accepted I think they must learn first to accept each other.

We are gradually achieving this in C.H.E. through friendly mixed unbitchy group meetings, discussions and general pooling of ideas, political aims, etc.

Love and peace
Mary
19 Ansell Terrace, W.8.

Dear IT:

Why don't we all emigrate to Scotland and start our own life. They'll probably be enough of us to tip this insignificant island ass over tit.

Kev

Dear IT:

Generally, I'm patient with the behaviour of people around me, including those straights who condemn freaks left, right and centre. However, on March 12, at the Rainbow Theatre, I went to see the Soft Machine. A rather insignificant looking note on one of the doors said the theatre was closed, but with no reference about that particular night. The concert was meant to start at 8.00 p.m., and at 8.20 everyone outside was a bit pissed off. Fuck knows how long we would have waited if someone had not forced open an exit door. Once inside, the Theatre was deserted so everyone wandered around, wondering what was wrong. There was no one there at all to explain why we were left outside. It wasn't until half an hour later that anyone turned up, and then

someone must have told them somehow that we had all entered the place. They definitely seemed more scared we would damage *their* property than they were in giving an explanation!

What a great explanation it was at that. "Read next week's Melody Maker." If this is the treatment that we are going to get from future rock venues, then its best not to have one at all, unless there is a bit more honesty from the organisers. Otherwise they'll be ripping us off from every angle. Not everyone can afford to travel right across London (besides paying for a ticket) just to be left standing outside in the cold with no explanation at hand. If anything like this is got together in the future, lets learn to trust each other. I think the majority of us would have left quite happy on the Sunday if we were treated with *honesty* and told what was wrong, and why the Theatre was closed. But no! I hope things change, because my patience is gradually going.

It would be nice to have a rock venue where the audience can be treated honestly.

Love to you all
Ian Kennard, 2 Adams Road,
Beckenham, Kent

Dear IT:

I don't know about you but I think its-gonna work out fine!

The changes that have occurred over the last few years since 1967 AD or 19670 BC have sometimes been dramatic sometimes subliminal and I got this feeling!

Slow—yes! Steady—yes!

—as long as the doctrine do what you want (but please try not to hurt unnecessarily) spreads—as long as people can see there ain't nothing to compare with joy—its just inevitably going to be on the up.

Oh sure repression, pollution, etc. etc. but pessimism ain't where its at. "Wu wei".

Go with the flow—here and now—the Tao.
Allan.

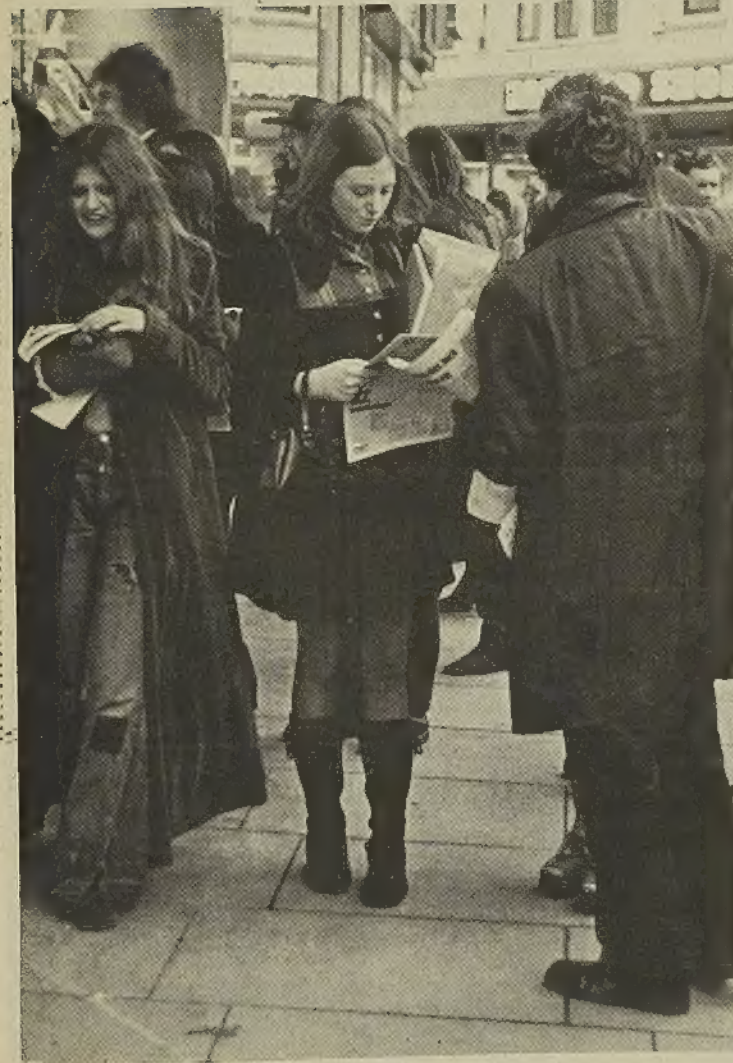
Dear IT:

I just want to make a gesture of thanks to the guy, whoever he was, who gave me a lump of dope which I found amongst the coins when I was busking down Bank tube station. It was worth all the bread I made just for the nice surprise so thanks and may your seeds be fertile.

Love
17th Captain of the Starship



White Panther women picket reactionary S.London paper 'The Kentish Independent.'



NO MORE INK, NO MORE 7 DAYS

Two national underground newspapers have closed down. The last issue of Ink has appeared and 7 Days will only come out again if they raise £20,000 by 1 May. Although both papers started with substantial capital (Ink with £20,000 in May 1971 and 7 Days with £15,000 six months ago). Neither of them reached the necessary circulation. Ink, which has been breaking even lately, never re-covered from debts incurred in its early days.

PEOPLE'S CENTRE SMASHED

The Notting Hill People's Association have been thrown out of their Talbot Road offices by Westminster Council. Along with them went 30 homeless families who had been squatting in adjoining buildings. Council workmen smashed the buildings and boarded them up.

Originally the Council gave the Association permission to use the buildings and the Association did a lot of work to make them habitable. They also provided space for kids' playgroups, street theatre, the Claimants' Union, a people's restaurant and the People's Carnival, as well as giving homeless families somewhere to live.

The People's Association's refusal to let the Council supervise the running of the restaurant was the immediate cause of the trouble.

REVOLUTIONARY ROBBERS

Three members of the Workers' Party of Scotland have been found guilty of armed robberies and given sentences totalling 81 years.

The men—Matt Lygate, Colin Lawson and William McPherson—robbed four Glasgow banks with the help of Ian Doran. They got away with £22,100 to help the Party funds.

The police took six months to catch them, despite the Head of Edinburgh CID having information a year ago that the robberies were being planned, and despite the fact that in October, after one raid, the police had descriptions of McPherson and Doran, who was on Scotland Yard's wanted list. Police had been regularly visiting McPherson's home. But it wasn't until December 18, on the strength of an anonymous tip-off that the police finally caught the revolutionary robbers.

At the trial, McPherson was given 26 years (the longest term ever given in Scotland), Doran 25, Lygate 24 and Lawson 6, by Lord Dunpark. Lygate told the Judge: "The day will come when the roles will be reversed and the people in this court will themselves be judged."

CLAIMANTS' NEWS

The West London Claimants Union has sent us this release—

"We have received information direct from a contact in the SS itself, that the 4-week rule, which enabled Social Security to cut off benefit for all unskilled workers after 4 weeks, regardless of job availability, has now, unbeknown to the public, been put in abeyance since approximately two weeks after the start of the victorious miners' strike.

"In West London, the first claimant to gain under this new ruling, has received £25 back payment, with another £24 to come, as he was shrewd enough to carry on signing on at the Labour Exchange during his illegal suspension.

"Our advice to all people who have in the past been cut off is to make a fresh claim immediately after contacting your local Claimants Union, whose address can be got from 01 960 0997 at 60 St. Ervan's Road, London W.10. 2-5 pm, Mon-Fri.

"Power to the People."

GOODNIGHT FESTIVALS

Assemblies of fewer than 3000 people which last for less than eight hours are now likely to be exempt from the Night Assemblies Bill.

LOAD OF RUBBISH

Friends of the Earth are getting a lot of publicity at the moment for their packaging campaign.

The reasons for the campaign are: 1. Wherever a returnable, re-usable form of packaging is replaced by a non-returnable "throwaway" one, enormous quantities of raw materials and fuels—limited resources—are wasted. 2. When re-usable packages (like glass bottles) are replaced by non-re-usable ones, the monetary cost of increased production is borne by the consumer. 3. Not only does the consumer have to pay for one-trip packaging when he buys it, but he has also to meet the cost of its disposal—via local rates. 4. In the UK, over £20 millions per year is spent on litter clearance.

Rhodan Gordon is suing two policemen for assault.

When Rhodan was given a 15 month sentence, suspended for two years, at the end of the Mangrove trial, he asked to serve it straight-away because he feared police persecution.

He was right to be worried. A day later, he was arrested by PC's Pugh and Saunders, and charged with obstruction and assault. He had to be treated at St. Charles Hospital.

When he came up for trial, Mr. Babington, the magistrate, was only too aware of the political consequences of either finding Rhodan guilty or innocent. So he found him guilty of obstruction and not guilty of assault.

Now Rhodan is suing Pugh and Saunders for assault.

HOME

forced open, say in a room, it can't be closed again so the room becomes a gas chamber. So if you're ripped any off lately, abandon it, or if you're offered any, decline.

WHO ORGANISED CYANIDE DUMPING?

When the dreadful story of widespread cyanide dumping broke, every British newspaper was quick to put this down to small, private lorry-drivers. It now transpires that



"AND I WOULD SAY TO THE GODLESS ANARCHISTS THAT WOULD DESTROY THE VERY FABRIC OF OUR FREE SOCIETY, THAT THIS SOCIETY SHALL STAY FREE! EVEN IF WE HAVE TO IMPRISON EVERY MAN, WOMAN & CHILD TO ENSURE IT!"

LOOK OUT! INSTANT INSANITY AND DEATH!

Along with mandies, barbs and the odd cylinder of nitrous oxide, a new drug is being ripped off from London hospitals. It's a gas called PSYCHO PROPANE used for heady sedation, and a whiff is enough to induce a mild coma.

Exposure to the gas for longer than 75 seconds can be fatal. It comes in small orange pressurized gas bottles, and the real danger for freaks lies in the fact that once a bottle has been

systematic fly-tipping was a highly organised operation at least as far as one firm goes.

Purles Bros. had a bonus scheme for illegal tipping, inaugurated by director Peter Newman. While in operation around 10.8 million gallons of the stuff were illegally off-loaded by Purle. The men were offered £25 for every new illegal site they could find.

It's ironic that only a few months ago, the business press were calling Purle Bros, the most forward-looking, efficient, socially-progressive waste disposal firm in the world.

QUOTE

"It takes a thief to catch a thief, and that don't say much for the police."
—Dave Allen on BBC 2, 24/2/72

commented in the London Evening Standard: "It is not necessarily hair which distinguishes a soldier. He is generally rather smart looking and clean and has rather an air and a stride about him."

reading exercise involving planting a hoax bomb and an "Angry Brigade" message, were found not guilty of obstructing trains by Judge Argyle (of OZ fame) but ordered to pay £150 costs.

KINGSTON BUST

Kingston-upon-Thames: The Royal Charter pub was recently raided by 40 uniformed police in two coaches, plus about five in plain clothes. A vanload of people were eventually taken away after hands up against the wall searches.

One man who asked for a witness to be present while he was searched was knocked down and kicked in front of witnesses, then dragged outside by his hair. Some women who went to help a lad who was feeling ill were pinched, kicked and thrown out.

The Royal Charter used to be called

NEW BARCLAYS

Barclays Bank International Ltd, Britain's largest overseas bank bringing in a third of Barclay's profits (half from South Africa) is to have a new £5 million office in Poole, Dorset.

NO BAIL FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS

When Vanessa Redgrave tried to stand bail for Sean O'Toole, accused of inciting a riot at last month's Ulster

LANDLORDS FIDDLE

Landlords are attempting to evade the Rent Tribunal by letting a flat to a number of people and entering into separate contracts with each so that no occupier has the "exclusive occupation" required for applications to the Tribunal.

FESTIVAL OF LIGHT RETURNS

The Festival of Light is to campaign this year against newsagents selling "pornography." They're encouraging people to ask newsagents to stop selling dirty mags, and if they refuse, to boycott them.

How about a campaign to introduce newsagents to a few of our favourite obscene papers?

KNOCK KNOCK, WHO'S THERE?

Recent raids have brought attention to the considerable police powers to search and seize.

They date from two cases. One in 1867 and one in 1970. In the first the House of Lords said that police with a warrant searching a house for fuse wire used in an explosion were entitled to seize letters which tended to show that the occupier had been involved in causing an explosion.

In 1970, Lord Denning said that if in the course of a search police came upon any other goods which showed the occupier to be implicated in some other crime, they could take them. He also said that if police were acting without a warrant they were entitled to seize goods wanted in the investigation of a serious crime.

Effectively this has meant that in recent raids with warrants under Explosives or the vague Criminal Damages Act, police have been able to happily seize all letters, leaflets, books and personal possessions of political radicals.

SAVE THE NUTTERS

Petition forms to save the psychotherapeutic unit at Paddington Day Hospital are available from Protest Group, Paddington Day Hospital, 217 Harrow Road, London W.2.



the Three Fishes but changed its name because of police raids. Fifty people have been busted there in the last month for dope, obstruction, etc.

SHORT BACK AND SIDES DANGEROUS

This January's 4676 male recruits to the armed forces, up from 3800 for Jan 1971, might like to know that Senior aircraftsman F.E. Nolan thinks the traditional Army haircut could be making them too easy to pick out in a crowd when off-duty and leaving them easy prey to guerrilla marksmen.

However an Army spokesman

Photo: Captain Snaps

demo, she was rejected because she is "passionately involved in demonstrations and civil disturbances." Having the money used to be the problem.

FREE PARKING

Nearly £8000 worth of damage has been done to parking meters in Lambeth, London, since they were first introduced 15 months ago.

ANGRY SCOUTS

Two Scouts, who organised a map-

bad scenes in Italy

We would like to bring your attention to the following facts concerning the imprisonment and subsequent trial 8 months later of two British subjects, Trevor David Woods and Michael Stephen Flaum and of Mr. Flaum's wife Constance Ann Flaum nee Cox, an American subject. This also concerns the Flaum's five children whom have been separated from their parents for the last 8 months, against their will, and are being held in an institute for orphaned children. The Flaum's dogs have also suffered. One we think is still alive, the other one died through miscarriage after their arrest.

On 11th June 1971, Trevor Woods, Michael Flaum and Roger Viridi, all British subjects, were arrested and charged at the 'Tribunale di Lanciano', Italy, of being in possession of, importing and exporting and distributing drugs—even though the accused denied the charge and no drugs were produced as evidence.

The accused were detained in prison in solitary confinement and Michael Flaum's five children were

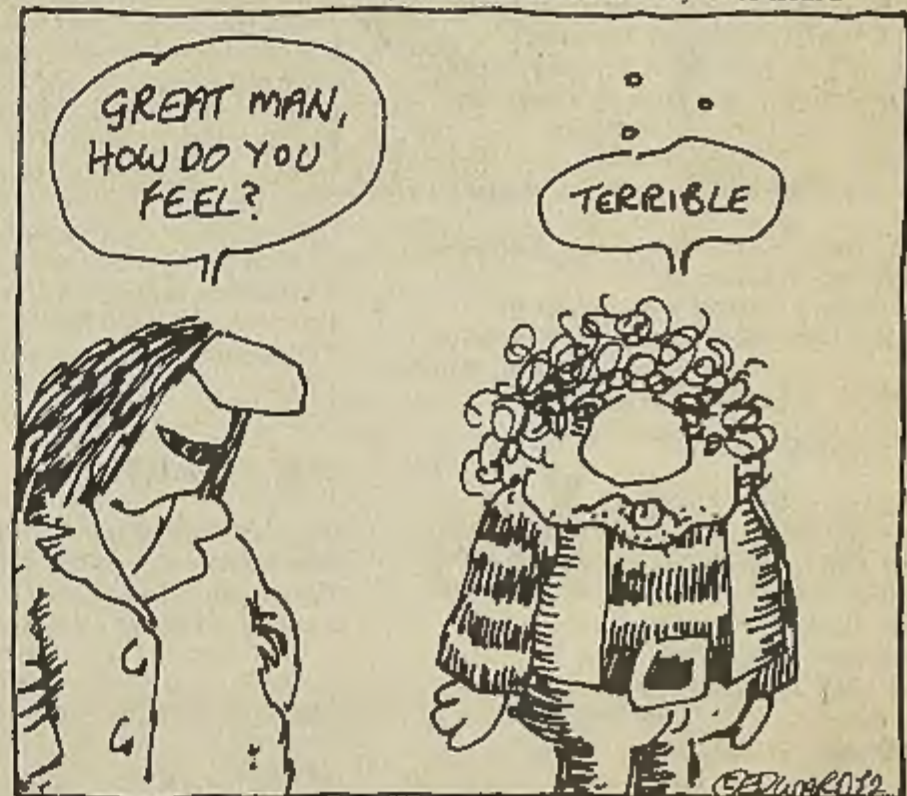
put into an Institute for orphaned children. About a week after this Constance Ann Flaum, Michael's wife, returned to Italy from England and was interrogated by the police, arrested and detained in prison in solitary confinement on the same charge. A few days following this, Ian Stuart Turnbull, British subject, arrived in Italy from England and was also interrogated, arrested and detained in prison on the same charge too. During the next month the above mentioned five people were all interrogated thoroughly several times without having had any prior legal advice or any advocate present at the interrogations (which is contrary to the Italian penal code). Several of the accused refused to sign statements, they were intimidated to do so on the grounds that if they refused it would go against them in court.

The great bulk of the interrogations were carried out by a Dr. Bruno Amicarelli who also acted as the public prosecutor at the trial which is in direct contravention to the Italian penal code which states in effect that officers connected with the interrogation of prisoners should not be allowed to participate in the same prisoners' trial in the capacity of prosecuting council.

On asking the reason for their arrest as they had never been involved with drugs, they were told that

several people had made statements incriminating them and also the police were holding in their possession as evidence against them a book that Mr & Mrs Flaum were in the preparation of writing. The book in question contained various "hippy" slang expressions and Yogic technical terminology that was misinterpreted by the police to relate to drugs. The trial finally commenced 8 months after the arrest on January 31st 1972, and terminated on February 12th 1972. Ian and Roger were found not guilty and deported to England. Trevor, Michael and Constance were convicted and sentenced to two years, 5 days imprisonment each.

The people who had originally incriminated them all amended their original statements at the trial and consequently not one person accused them of having or distributing drugs. About 36 people gave testimonies at the trial. These were mainly citizens of the little village, Paglieta, where the Flaum family had lived for 6 months. People like the landlady who lived right next door to them, who testified that they were quiet and orderly tenants. A couple of town officials testified that the family were kind and gentle people—the village policeman said they were no trouble and abided by the law. Local shop keepers who trusted them to the extent of letting them buy on credit because they always paid up regularly, also mothers whose children played with the Flaum children and many others testified. They were all asked if they ever heard





the Flaum's talking about drugs or saw them with any and every time no was the answer.

The Public Prosecutor then proceeded to bring in gross fabrications of the truth completely unrelated to the case.

After all this, Trevor, Michael and Constance were convicted of being in possession and distributing drugs—without any trace of any drugs ever having been produced before or during the trial as evidence.

For the last 8 months they have been separated from their freedom and families.

After repeated requests and finally going on hunger strike, Mrs Flaum was allowed to have her baby stay in jail with her as he was only 1½ years old at the time of arrest. The baby is now 2 years old and has been returned to the Institute with his brothers and sisters, as Mrs Flaum has to go into hospital having literally worried herself sick. Mrs Flaum doesn't speak Italian and the women's department of the jail contains only one other prisoner and three nuns.

A few days ago they received an official notice from the Tribunale di Lanciano, stating that the Public Prosecutor, Dr. Bruno Amicarelli, had filed a claim against the sentences as he recommended for them to get three years each.

There is a great deal of help needed especially for the children. A good lawyer is needed but that will take a lot of money and neither the Flaum family nor Trevor have any.

There has been one benefit for them at Southgate on April 1st, and in addition the G.L.F. are holding a benefit on April 11th at Fulham Town Hall (Fulham Broadway tube) at 8 p.m. 50p. Brierley Cross and Freight and some of the groups who played at the April 1st benefit will be appearing.

Also needed is a loan or cheap hire of a van to go to Italy to pick up the kids as soon as we can get through the official hassles.

Any offers of help, bread or otherwise, please contact: Bill Olive, 177 Churchbury Lane, Enfield, Middx. 366 3239 OR Paul Theobald, c/o G.L.F., 5 Caledonian Road, N.1. 837 7174

and the rest...

VONDELSPARK CAPERS

Amsterdam's enlightened (or paranoid)

city council has announced plans for a £25000 conversion of the city's large Vondelpark into "an open air hotel" for the 200,000 international freaks expected this summer. This move has not as yet been duplicated in other European capitals.

ROLLING STONES IN CIA PLOT

The International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation (owners of Kinney/Warner Bros) are at present facing a scandal even more embarrassing than that over its \$4 million contribution to the Republican Convention.

Jack Anderson, Washington columnist, has revealed that ITT plotted with the CIA to prevent Salvador Allende, the Communist party leader, from becoming President in the recent elections in Chile.

Fortunately not enough major American companies co-operated in the plan to bring economic chaos to the country to stop him winning.

OOPS

A man who survived six days exposure on a mountain before being spotted by a search helicopter fell into a ravine while waving to it and was killed, on Mill Hill Broadway only last week.

AID FOR BRITISH DESERTERS

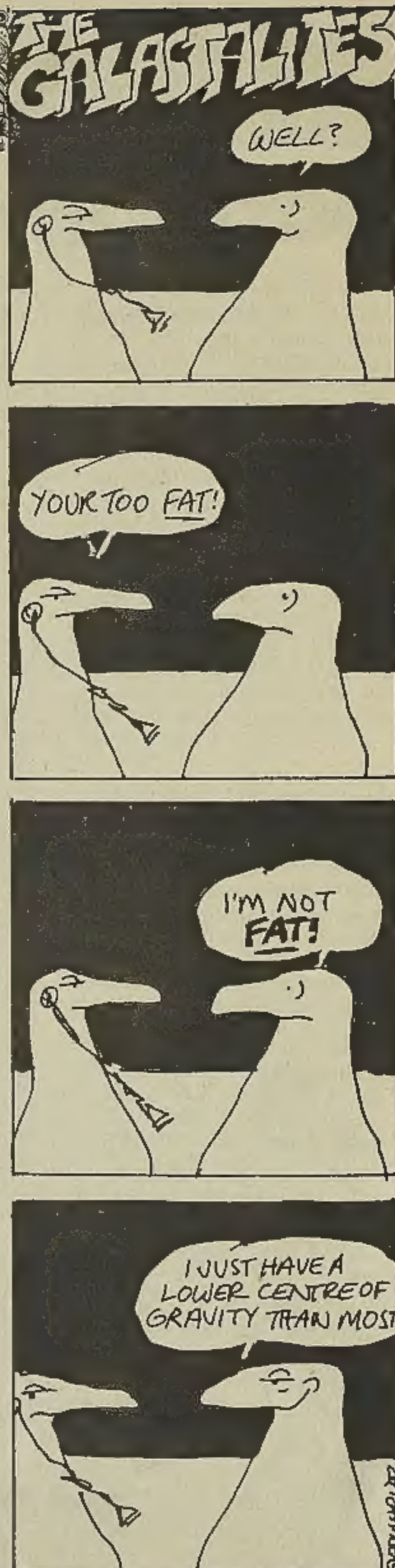
The Life Center Association of Philadelphia, USA, have offered sanctuary to deserters from the British Army. They say, "We are speaking particularly to British personnel stationed in Northern Ireland, or those who expect to be stationed there shortly, or other British troops who can no longer accept the legitimacy of the British military policy in Northern Ireland." They are offering to try and find them safe places to stay, to put them in touch with good lawyers and to help them with travel arrangements.

Further info from Lynne Shivers, Life Center, 1006 South 46 Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19143, USA.

U.S. TRIALS

The two remaining Soledad Brothers (the third was George Jackson) have been found not guilty of murdering a prison officer in San Quentin.

The Catonsville 7 have entered no defence in their conspiracy to kidnap trial. This was a majority decision opposed the Rev. Daniel Berrigan.



DINOSAUR NEWS



A special "supermarket" for cats and dogs is being opened in Belgrade. Its speciality—low-priced raw meats.
(E. Standard)

The chairman of the Censorship Committee of the Writer's Guild of America said recently that all actors writers and directors for the television programme 'The FBI' are screened by J. Edgar Hoover's lads and only those deemed "politically acceptable" are hired for the show.

In addition, scripts dealing with civil rights, police brutality, wire tapping, etc. are automatically rejected while those dealing with kidnapping, Communist activities or organised crime are ushered into film. He also accused television executives of changing black characters into White and Jews into Gentiles before scripts are used.

In the same report, he said: "Seventy-five million people are nightly being fed programmes deliberately designed to have no resemblance at all to reality."

So, what's new?
(Georgia Straight)

Flying Saucers seen by motorists near Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, have been identified as massive manure containers reflected in light.

Oh, yeah?
(Sun)

A mouse which became embedded in dough at a bakery was baked, sliced and finally wrapped, magistrates at Birmingham were told. Parts of it were found in 15 slices of the loaf.

(Telegraph)

Louis Armstrong was busted in Los Angeles in 1931 for smoking a joint before a cabaret performance.

(Door)

A joint of lamb that glowed in the dark was taken to Birmingham's city analyst. He found that harmless bacteria was producing phosphorescence.

"Be harsh in dealing with pot-heads, dope fiends and juicers that have crept into our army. They are not men. They are allies of the Viet Cong who are pushing marijuana on our troops in order to destroy their effectiveness in Vietnam and destroy our country. You will report suspected users. Even if I can't convict them, I want to keep a list of these traitors before me at all times."

(from "The 16 Points of Leadership" by Lt. Col. Frank Schober, distributed to officers and section chiefs on the 52nd Signal Battalion in Vietnam).

Mr. Reginald Neville aged 77 who had flown from North Dakota to marry Miss Lillian Lawrence, aged 45, died in the vestry just before the marriage ceremony at Cosham, Portsmouth.

(Times)

A 15-ton dead whale is giving disposal experts a headache since it was washed up on the beach at San Francisco. It is to be towed out to sea and blown up.

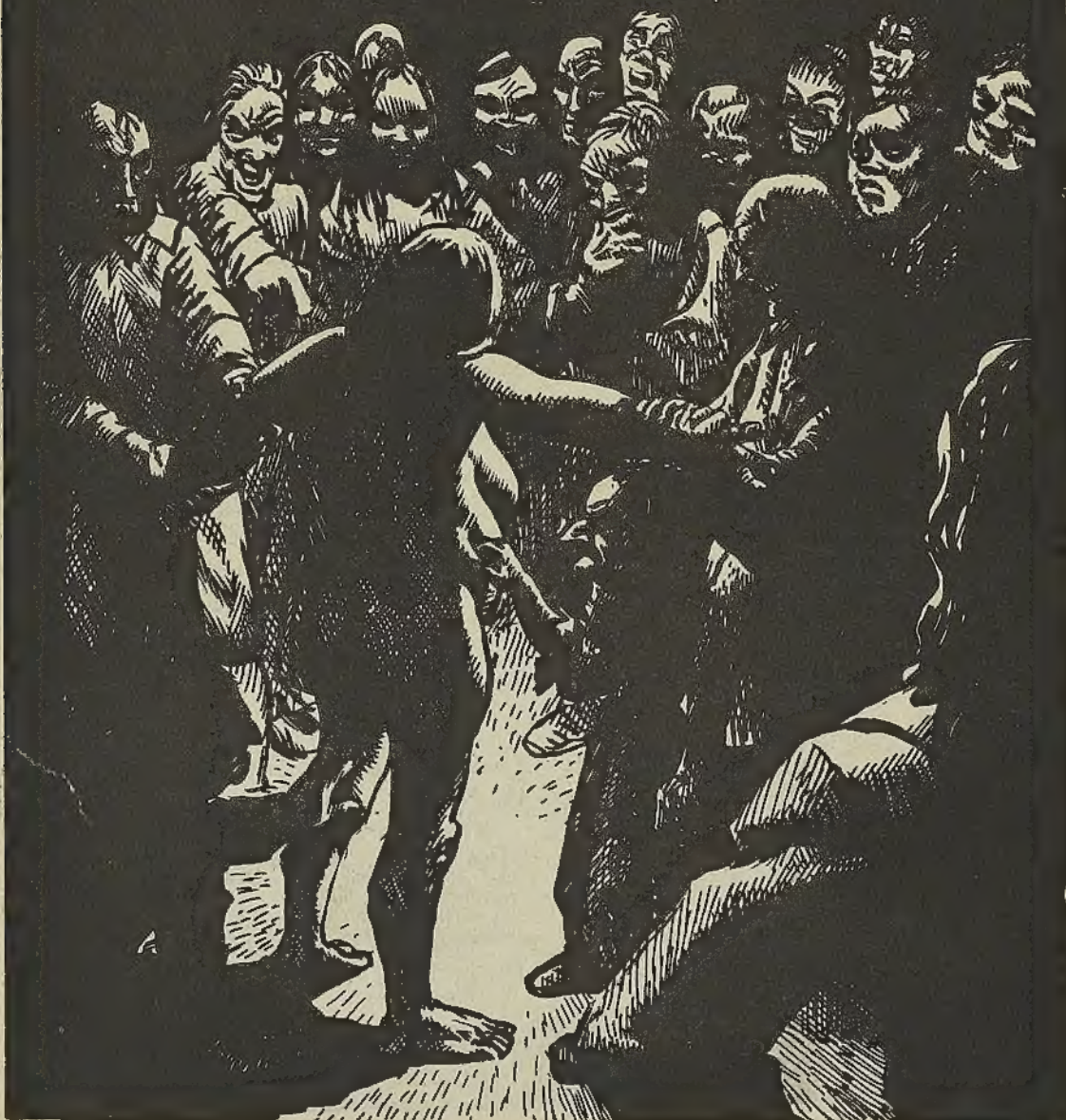
(Mail)

Theodore Ratnoff, a phone-tap expert who worked for a recent commission enquiring into police corruption, was indicted in his absence in New York on charges of grand larceny, conspiracy, bribery and 36 counts of illegal eavesdropping.

(Mail)

BUT IS IT ART?

Remember the good old days when u/g comics had fine old-fashioned stuff like cock sucking, snatch licking, cats and marihoopty? Well, it seems that the cartoonists are moving with the changing times and now it's blood, death, cannibalism and witchcraft. The next pages are taken from an awesome US production called "Journal of the Plague Year." Also in this issue are sections of a Veitch/Irons work "Legion of Charlies" used to illustrate the Ed Saunders interview 'The Family'.



It is hard to believe that all of Europe is not deranged as thousands are being dragged from their homes and dumped into rat infested cells where they will be tortured until they admit to the atrocious crimes they are accused of. In almost all cases every person accused meets the same fate; they are eventually hanged or burned alive by a mob. Nobody is safe as neither sex nor age makes the least bit of difference. It is not even uncommon to see small children flogged while their parents are burnt alive before their eyes!



I theorize that these witch hunters are using torture simply to add to their own wealth. Without the terror of torture there would be fewer confessions of guilt, and more important no naming of accomplices, thus less confiscated property and service fees meaning less wealth for the witch hunter. It's as simple as that!



I have heard that the implements of torture range from such things as eye gougers, the thumbscrew, branding irons, pincers to rip out fingernails and the skin from ones body, and a rack instrument called the question mark which can dislocate every bone in the body.



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HE NOT BUSY BEING BORN IS BUSY DYING...

*Revolution, the life culture and the
White Panther Party UK report March 1972*

Photo Phil Stringer



One thing we must always remember is that time is on our side, we have seen the future—we are the future—and we know that it is not only ours, but it likewise belongs to all the people of the planet. The death culture is having ulcers because it's children do not want their values, their morals and the material/consumer society they wish to perpetuate. The death culture expects oppressed groups like blacks to fight them, but it's own kids! Whew! They say the kids will grow out of it, but they know, they have lost their own children, they are losing their replacements, their system is dying.

Our youth/life culture started to develop 'bout five years ago as a real alternative to the death culture of the straight world. We started our culture from almost nowhere, a culture based on "dope, rock'n'roll and fucking in the streets", a culture based on *Freedom*. At first we all stood around giving peace signs to the pigs and shouting "We love you", trouble was, the pigs shouted back "We hate you". We had threatened them, our lifestyle threatened them more than liberalism and the old left. That the old left has failed to build revolutionary movements in the advanced capitalist countries is an historic fact no revolutionary can afford to ignore. The old left has isolated itself into sterile sects or reformist organisations like the Italian or French Communist Parties.

Mao recognised that a revolutionary culture was needed, so he started a cultural revolution.

*"An army without a culture is a dull witted army,
and a dull witted army cannot defeat the enemy"*
Mao Tse Tung

With the support of the army, the youth and the masses, Mao fought against his own party and won. The cultural revolution in China has signalled the beginning of a series of struggles in China between youthful radicalism and aging conservatism—a mechanism by which Mao's uninterrupted revolution may carry on from generation to generation. Mao has written: *"The young people are the most active and vital force in society. They are the most eager to learn and the least conservative in their thinking."* **UNINTERRUPTED REVOLUTION!** We have a share culture, we are the international rebirth of a new people, a new nation. Call it Woodstock Nation/Youth Nation/Life Nation, whatever. I'll stop for a moment, let me slightly modify a point. I do not regard us as age chauvinists. Age is something in your head not your body and some of our most powerful brothers and sisters are older than our own parents, their ideas are young, but for the majority, age has tended to bring with it conservatism and apathy.

The life culture found itself in a position where it would have to organise to defend itself from the blatant political/cultural repression aimed at destroying its growing international nation. They were not interested in forming a base within the old left, the old left that found dope smoking and expressions of the joy of living counter-revolutionary. They had to look around to see how other oppressed peoples were defending themselves, and when they looked around they saw the Black Panther Party. The beautiful Black Panthers who within America had made their colonies armed camps to defend themselves against pig America. A white counterpart to the Black Panther Party was needed for the necessary business within the white communities to be taken care of. A Party as strong as the Black Panther Party had to be built, the blacks could not be left isolated in their struggle.

In Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA, the White Panther Party was formed in 1968. The response to the Party was overwhelming, chapters developing all over the USA and in London. The Ann Arbor Commune became the

headquarters of an international revolutionary organisation. White Panther bands such as the Stooges and the MC5 gained international popularity. But the Commune in Ann Arbor was deluged with work, forcing them to sacrifice valuable time in their own community. The Party failed to build a firm ideological base and lacked the necessary internal security communications to survive. The imprisonment of the Party's leaders John Sinclair (9½ 10 years for two joints, recently released on bail), Pun Plamondon, Skip Taobe and Jack Forest, plus the repression against all members of the Party by the pigs, showed, though, their effectiveness against pig-nation.

"It is good to be attacked by the enemy, since it proves that we have drawn a clear line of demarcation between the enemy and ourselves."
Mao Tse Tung

The Party was dissolved in America in early 1971 by the Central Committee in Ann Arbor, it was dissolved because they had recognised the errors they had made. The Panthers in the USA are now known as the Rainbow People's Party, and have started again from scratch. In this country we have observed the mistakes made by the Party in the USA and learnt from them, we have made some errors but do not feel it necessary to disband the Party and start again as in America. We are going through a reflective, self-analytical stage and some changes will be made, but we will retain the name White Panther Party UK.

What sort of shape are we in, in the UK? We have become a revolutionary organisation dedicated to building a new man, a new woman and a new world. We may not be large in numbers yet, but we are growing and our members are hard-working revolutionaries, not jive-ass liberals. Most of the national publicity 'bout the Party has been focussed around the Isle of Wight pop festival in 1970 when Panthers with other radical groups kicked down the fences surrounding the festival site and declared it free. Little publicity has been given though to the local work Panther Chapters have been doing around the country. Chapters have been working hard to build the Party into what it is now.

One of the main functions of the Party is to awaken the people and to teach them strategic methods of resisting the power structure, this has caused Party members/Chapters to come into conflict with the pigs, the principle confrontations being in Glasgow and Abbey Wood (South East London). In Glasgow the Panthers have been hassled by the pigs continuously, mainly due to the effectiveness of their legal-aid programme, which brought legal-aid to the kids on the streets. (Glasgow CID have the Party's 10 Point Programme on their office wall). In Abbey Wood most of the confrontation occurred during a series of squats last year, where on a number of occasions brothers and sisters were violently assaulted and threatened by the pigs. The Party has also done a good deal of community work—trying to provide viable alternatives to the present pig system. Chapters have their own local programmes in West London, Abbey Wood and (soon) Glasgow, free food programmes operate, Glasgow Panthers have many of the street gangs as members and they recently got a rent strike together in Easterhouse, most Chapters have as part of their local programmes, drug education, pro life drugs like marijuana, hashish, peyote, pure LSD and mescaline, and anti and death drugs like phony THC, downers, speed and smack that threaten our nation like a plague.

We bring our music to our communities with revolutionary, high energy bands like the Pink Fairies. Our life style becomes our politics, our politics our lifestyle. As John Sinclair, now chairman of the Rainbow People's Party, said

"Our programme is cultural revolution through a total assault on culture, which makes use of every tool, every energy and every media we can get"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

WISE OLD SAM SEZ

SHUT UP WHILE IN TALKIN'

WE CAN'T HELP BUT AGREE WITH JERRY BEEDLE, front man for the Bickershaw Festival, when he says that the country, and more particularly Parliament are going to be watching this year's festivals, and it is to be hoped that they stay fairly cool.

UNFORTUNATELY THIS IS WHERE THE AGREEMENT ENDS.

We talked to Mr. Beedle after his extraordinary press release (see last issue's Home News) that announced "the ticket buyers needn't worry—nobody else will get what they've paid for, for free!", in the hope that we might have misunderstood him. But no, he repeated his statement and amplified it with the remark that free-loaders and potential gatecrashers would be dealt with by "any means necessary."

"But, we asked, what about the thousands of kids who are quite likely to turn up with no money?"

Mr. Beedle's attitude seemed to be that people without adequate funds had no place at his festival.

Then we asked him about reports that he had refused permission for the White Panthers to set up a free food kitchen, despite the fact that they were prepared to provide the food themselves. **NO FREE FOOD** was the response, and anyway, as far as Mr. Beedle was concerned he seemed to feel the Panthers were just violent thugs. Did the same apply to drug care, to Release, to Bit, and to underground press information services? Mr. Beedle seemed to think so, more trouble-makers who he didn't want at his festival.

"No press passes of u/g journalists, and no facilities for information services?"

Amazed, we left Mr. Beedle who at one time ran Time Out North West, to get on with his organising.

What exactly he is into we can't be sure, but it does seem if he maintains his belligerent attitude it is more likely to be a disaster than a pleasant event.

We realise that the kind of event that Mr. Beedle is putting together is a heavy financial deal, and that he may be very responsible to his backers to show a profit. However, from our experience at previous

events, he will have to wake up to the reality that a lot of people—radicals, bikers, and just ordinary freaks, will show up without money, will OD, will have bummers and will get lost and disoriented. There are more than enough people willing to provide free food, free entertainment, help and services around the campsite. The cost would be minimal and the reduction in potential trouble, enormous. In fact, if properly organised, Mr. Beedle's commercial event *AND* a free gathering of people could manage to exist side by side with some degree of harmony.

At present, though, Mr. Beedle refuses to meet these people, and his ominous talk of "any means necessary", which conjures visions of club-wielding security thugs, only seems to indicate that he is moving in totally the opposite direction.

WAKE UP, Mr. Beedle, before it is too late and you have organised a disaster!

FREE WHO WAS-IT AGAIN DEPT

Getting away from rock for a minute, Felix Dennis and Richard Neville are in New York for the opening of the play of the OZ trial and the casting of the musical of the play. If we had known that we were making the world safe for Broadway spectaculars when we rallied to the cause last summer, we probably would have stayed in bed!

THE TIMES... ARE THEY CHANGING?

Here's a little tale that's just come to light last October. **BOB DYLAN**, beautiful songwriter, singer, musician, arranger, father and capitalist (he owns Ling Temeo—Vought stock and also a big office building with Johnny Carson) got mad when his wife Sarah caught A J Webberman, Dylanologist and garbage collector, going through their garbage. She came out swinging a broom. Then, Dylan himself hopped onto his trusty bicycle and rode over to Webberman's loft to avenge the family name. As Webberman came down from his roof on a ladder, Dylan suddenly disavowed the politics of **NEW MORNING** and became violent, attacking AJ and finally rolling him onto the ground. Two passing freaks rushed over and pulled the two apart, at which time Dylan jumped back on his bike and sped it.

"Are you OK" said one freak

"Yeah, I'm OK" said AJ

"Man, you gotta watch out down here. How much did he get?"

"No, no, man, that was Dylan!" (shades of Lone Ranger).

Dylan was not seen again for quite some while

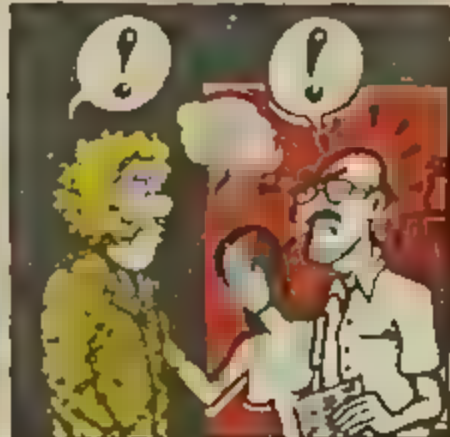
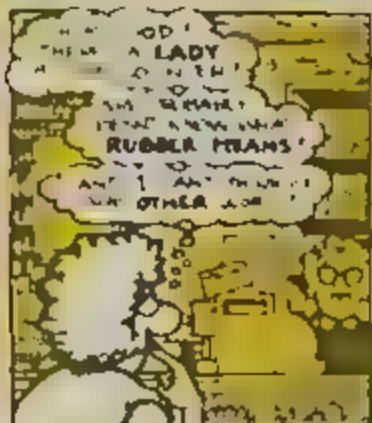
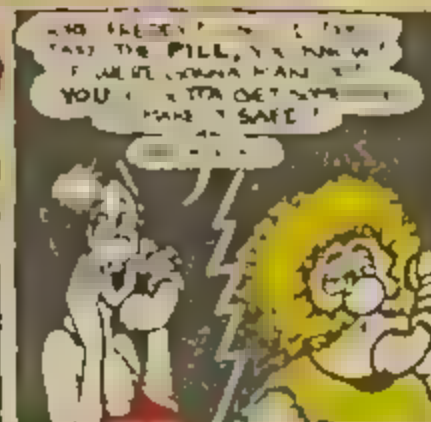
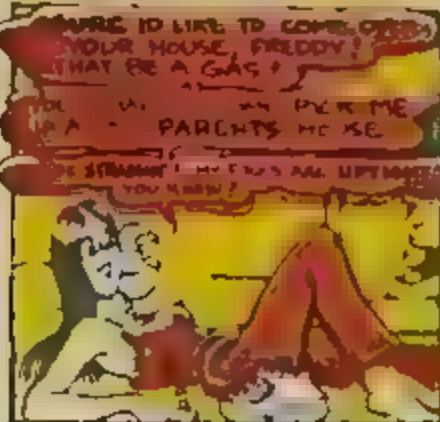
BICKERSHAW STOP PRESS!

Jerry Beedle, talking to Jerome Burne of *Frenz* over Easter week, seems to have reversed his position regarding free services at the **BICKERSHAW Festival**, and now claims that he is willing to have **BIT**, **Live on RELEASE**, **U/G PRESS**, ETC providing he has details of what they intended doing. No mention of funds or facilities, and that is important as it costs *Bit* or *Release* anything up to £150 to operate at a festival. *More next issue.*

SNIFFS'N'SNORTS

It's the real thing, not a rumour, **BOLAN** laid out a lot of bread to keep going in the States, and 'thas' a fact... Robert Stigwood insisting to **CLAPTON** his best habit is being on the road but Eric disagrees.

the FABULOUS FREAK BROTHERS



DOPE. 'THE

HASH OIL AND MARIJUANA EXTRACTS

By Michael R. Aldrich

Marijuana extracts, used in Western medicine since 1839, are the wave of the future in the psychedelic underground. When scientists in the 1960's succeeded in synthesizing THC (tetrahydrocannabinol), underground chemists tried to produce it for the mass market, but the attempt failed because THC synthesis is extremely costly (£6 a dose). Unscrupulous dealers sold the animal tranquilizer PCP as "THC" or ripped off high prices for the low-grade acid labelled "THC". Now for the first time, organic extractions of marijuana and hashish with incredibly high THC content are slowly becoming available.

The first to appear, in the late 1970's, was 'THE ONE', manufactured by a group calling itself "The Cosmic Traveller". Prescription vials containing 5 or 6 grams sold for \$135 up, complete with two small pyrex One Pipes and a xerox blurb of smoking instructions. The gritty, oily, dark chocolate odiferous goo was identified as "a pure, organic resin THC extract of marijuana stabilized to optimum smoking consistency with pure ground super grass." Analysis revealed that it was probably an alcohol extraction of high-quality Mexican weed, and it bio-assayed at 13% THC.

For comparison, average marijuana runs a little over .5% THC. Kiler Weed from Asia rarely exceeds 4%, and fresh hashish usually runs between 8% and 15% THC. At the NIMH pot farm in Mississippi, bracts (leaves around top flowers) occasionally test at 1.5%, but the dope used in government research projects is only 2% THC and most subjects say it's the strongest weed they've ever smoked.

'SON OF ONE' came out around September, 1971, a 5 gram vial, going for \$125 up, complete with a slightly larger One Pipe. Sources claimed it was made from Afghan primo, mixed with powdered Mexican grass, and it smelled camphorated or mentholated in addition to the deep hash-flower pungency shared by all these substances. It was less potent than the original 'ONE' but it got you off well.

'BLACK OIL' appeared on the West Coast in late December 1971, a thin black runny fluid made from marijuana but not mixed with powdered weed. Evidently some of the alcohol was left in it to thin it out, making it the closest thing to a real tincture of all these preparations. It also had the sharp, cutting scent of ether and had on probably a double alcohol-ether extraction, one or two whiffs over the vial would dry and clear the nose for several minutes. It smoked rather harshly and left a bitter taste in the mouth, but was as potent as anybody's Gold.

The highest quality extract was 'HASH OIL' also called

ONE'

'RED OIL' in honour of the preparations made in the 1940's by Dr. Roger Adams from wild Minnesota hemp. It appeared in mid-1971, tawny amber coloured like honey so thick that a cutting agent such as pine oil may have been used. Sources said it was either extracted from Lebanese hash and fractional distillation may have been used to separate the active THC isomers from the 40-odd other cannabinoids found in the plant. Its boiling point was very low, and, like all extracts, it had to be stored in a cold dark place. A single gram of 'HASH OIL' retailed for about \$50, with an ounce costing dealers \$750. Experienced smokers estimated the THC content at about 20 per cent.

Each of these extracts can be eaten, but only by persons quite experienced in hash-eating the risk of overdose is great. The key to successful smoking is to *draw much, much more slowly* than usual, and to take in less than you think you need.

Because the extracts are so volatile, flame must not be applied to them directly. Instead, they must be vaporized inside the bowl of a special One Pipe with the flame held under the bowl rather than over it. Handblown pyrex One Pipes were available from most extract dealers, and before long they will probably appear in selected head shops. Two other pieces of special equipment are best to use, but not absolutely necessary: a metal tong (or straightened paper clip) with a flat end spatula about a third the size of a coke spoon, to transfer the extract from the vial into the pipe, and an alcohol burner, preferable to matches or a candle flame because the latter carbon film the bottom of the Pipe. The One Pipe may be held directly in an alcohol lamp flame, but must be held at least a quarter inch above an ordinary flame or the blackened pipe will be difficult to use.

The smoking process itself is quite different from taking a joint or a hash-pipe. Using the swab, smear a bit of the oil or extract on the inside of the bowl. You can leave the tong in the bowl during smoking if you like it's easier. Hold the pipe in the hot blue top of the flame, letting the substance "cook" a few seconds, till you hear it "crackle" and see wisps of vapour begin to curl up from it. Oils liquify, then vaporize. At that moment, having exhaled completely, puff out your cheeks and place your mouth on the pipestem, leaving the bowl in the flame. Instead of inhaling, suck your cheeks together gently. This will draw the vapour up the stem into your mouth, at which point you inhale *very slowly*, taking in no more than half a toke. If you take too much, or inhale too quickly, you'll cough really badly for several minutes. You'll cough a little anyway, but being careful will minimize it and you should start to feel the effects almost immediately.

Experienced 'HASH OIL' smokers say it is the clearest, highest obtainable, getting you superbly stoned without the depressing heaviness of kiler weed or hash. Two good hits get you stoned, three hits are optimal for about an hour's clear high. Four hits are too heavy for most smokers, and if you take five you'll probably spin out. Stay high and think righteous.





Illustration by Jack Kirby

ASSASSINATION U.S.A.

By Claudia Dreifus

Since John F. Kennedy was murdered in 1963, three major national figures, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, and Robert F. Kennedy have been downed by assassins' bullets. And then there have been all those Black Panthers who died, and all those civil rights activists. Political assassination is becoming more American than Andy Hardy.

As if from a recording, each assassination is followed by an official explanation that the act was committed by a lone, crazed individual, and that there was no conspiracy involved. A foreigner must think that the nation is filled with lonely lunatics who do nothing but gun down important public figures for joy, emotional release, and publicity. Few journalists have bothered with any serious investigation of the assassinations—and even fewer have cared to link them up. Mark Lane, the author of 'Rush To Judgment' and an associate of New Orleans D.A. Jim Garrison, has spent the past five years writing about and investigating the murder of John F. Kennedy, and in the process has picked up a good deal of information about the three other assassinations.

(reprinted from EVO/UPS)

Since you began investigating the assassination of John F. Kennedy, there have been several others.

Oh, yes, there have been some others. In fact there have been enough assassinations in the US that if they had taken place in some Latin American country, we would be able to say "that's how they do business down there," and feel quite self-righteous. Fortunately we Anglo Saxons north of the Mexican border would never become engaged in any kind of activity like that.

Dr. Edgar Z. Friedenberg, the University of Buffalo sociologist, once said that any nation that can lose two Kennedy brothers is either sloppy or careless.

There were in the US in the past few years four people who had the charisma and ability to develop effective leadership in the areas of ending the war in Vietnam and for justice for black people in this country to the point where they had large followings and had become important political forces. Where are they now? John F. Kennedy? Malcolm X? Martin Luther King? Robert F. Kennedy? All dead and all the victims of assassins. And all of these acts, of course, are "completely unrelated". And all we have to do is ask any Attorney General in power at the time and he will assure us that it is so.

Well, nobody believes Attorney Generals. They're "notorious

liars," if I may borrow a phrase from J. Edgar Hoover.

I'm not so sure that people are doubtful. One of the things which indicates what has happened to our country in the past five years is a study of the way the alleged "lone" assassin has been treated by our society. Lee Harvey Oswald? The evidence shows conclusively that President Kennedy was killed as a result of a conspiracy. A conspiracy as defined by law is two or more people acting in concert to effect an illegal end. All you have to do is look at the film taken by an amateur photographer, Abraham Zapruder, in Dealey Plaza that day and which shows the entire assassination in Dallas. The fatal shot clearly comes from the right front. As the bullet strikes the President in the head from the right front, you see that he is driven backward with shocking suddenness and then to the left. However, the Warren Commission said that Lee Harvey Oswald was directly behind the President. If the fatal shot came from behind, the thrust of the bullet would have pushed him forward.

Where can one see prints of the Zapruder film?

You have to break into the Time-Life building, into their vaults, to see it. Because that's where they are keeping it, at the request of the US government. However, I have a copy of the film.

Tell me, Mark, did you break into the vaults of the Time-Life building?

I have a copy of the Zapruder film. In any event, once you come to the conclusion that there was a conspiracy, then you have to say that only one of two things would come from a trial of Oswald. 1. If he was involved in a conspiracy with others, perhaps at his trial, he might have given the names of his co-conspirators. 2. If he was not involved and was acquitted, then America might have asked, "Who did it?" So, if Oswald was found guilty or not guilty, a trial was a thing to be avoided for the conspirators. That reasoning bore fruit because he was executed in the Dallas Police Station while surrounded by seventy police officers, by a dear friend of the police, Jack Ruby. The point I make is that Oswald had to be killed before he spoke to any human being. He had, of course, spoken to FBI agents, Dallas policemen, Secret Servicemen, and CIA agents in the forty-eight hours he was in custody. But no record of what he said seems to exist. The Dallas police said that no tape recorders or police stenographers were available at the time.

This sounds rather odd. They had on their hands the most important prisoner in the history of the United States. Why wouldn't they make a record?

Because what he said was not convenient to the government's purposes, and Oswald was eliminated before he could talk to anyone else.

Now we go to five years after and we have James Earl Ray. Ray was either involved in a conspiracy to kill Dr. Martin Luther King or he was innocent of the crime. There is no other alternative, since there clearly was a conspiracy, and a successful one at that.

There is a very important witness in the Ray case Charles Q Stevens, who lived in the apartment right next door to the bathroom from where Dr King's assassin fired the fatal shot. Right after the murder I flew to Memphis and talked with all the witnesses. What Stevens has to say was most interesting, as he had seen the assassin twice on the fatal day, once when he went into the bathroom to fire the shot and once when he was fleeing the building with a package under his arms. Stevens gave me a description of the assassin and it was complete y contrary to the photographs of James Earl Ray. For one thing, the man whom he described was at the oldest maybe twenty-five years of age. Stevens said that he was likely in his early twenties. Ray, of course, is obviously forty.

By the way, as soon as James Earl Ray was arrested in London, Stevens was also arrested, detained, and kept in jail for a long time until after Ray pleaded guilty.

I remember right after Dr King was shot the police were looking for an Eric Starvo Galt, who looked nothing like James Earl Ray. Whatever happened to him?

The FBI had originally charged Eric Starvo Galt with "conspiracy to kill Dr. Martin Luther King." It was probably the first time in the history of the FBI that they've used that phrase when they weren't talking about young people or communists. They said there was a conspiracy and that Eric Starvo Galt entered into a conspiracy with a person allegedly his brother, and with other persons whose identities are unknown at the present time. That was the original charge made by the FBI. The Bureau sent out a description of Galt, the name, his pictures and fingerprints, and sent them all to the southern bureaus of investigation, the local state outfits. The Georgia Bureau of Investigation said later, when the FBI sent out James Earl Ray's picture, description and fingerprints, that these were the fingerprints of a different man than Eric Starvo Galt. And of course if you look at the pictures you can judge for yourself they are completely different. At any rate, the fingerprints were complete y different according to the FBI.

What has always struck me as odd is how James Earl Ray managed to escape the US, travel to Europe, and live so well for the two months after Dr. King's murder.

Somehow James Earl Ray, if he was the murderer, eluded



the competent authority, the FBI, got all the way from the Deep South into Canada, where three identities were prepared for him. Travel documents in the names of three persons, all of whom looked alike and all of whom looked like James Earl Ray. The identification papers were given to him. He then flew to Europe and traveled around a bit. According to Scotland Yard, who apprehended him, Ray was drawing funds from a numbered Swiss bank account. All of this would indicate that something much greater than James Earl Ray was involved. If indeed James Earl Ray was involved at all.

In addition to this, of course, just after the shot was fired that killed Dr. King and when whoever fired that shot was escaping Memphis, someone else remained in town and for three hours infiltrated the Memphis police radio. The infiltrator spent three hours giving out a description of a chase all around Memphis—turd details of a chase that never took place. This is similar to the *modus operandi* of those who infiltrated the Dallas police radio on November 22, 1963 and who gave a description of Lee Harvey Oswald long before any evidence at all pointed to Oswald. And the Warren Commission was to say in its report that it didn't know how that description of Oswald got onto the Dallas police radio. But it was a similar technique to the one used in Memphis.

Well, do you think there is a standard technique—and perhaps a pattern to these assassinations?

Well, we know that the CIA has an assassination program. It's called an "Executive Disposal Plan." It has been used in Vietnam, Africa, and Asia since that organization came into power. A man who held rather a responsible position with the CIA left that organization to work with Jim Garrison in New Orleans for a while, and he described in some detail how the program works. He felt that a number of assassinations outside the U.S., as well as some inside, fell closely within the classic pattern outlined by the CIA.

In any event, someone stayed behind in Memphis. The evidence showed clearly that there was a stationary radio, not a moving radio, which was infiltrating the Memphis police radio, while someone else was escaping from the scene. So, you have

at least two people involved—and that's a conspiracy! And if someone was setting up identities for James Earl Ray—whose greatest claim to fame at the time was that of a small-town southern hood—then one has to consider how these identities were made available, how they were secured, and how this small local southern hood could set up a numbered Swiss bank account—something I wouldn't know how to do myself.

Do you intend to do something about waking up the country? 'Rush to Judgement', your first book on the JFK assassination, had quite an impact. It is said the book prompted Jim Garrison into reopening his assassination investigation. Perhaps you can do something like this again. Certainly the book that William Bradford Huie will write will be nothing but a mint julep coated whitewash.

I don't really know if anything can be done. I think the statistic which is the saddest one in this whole area, if the polls can be trusted, is the poll that said that 75% of the American people said that they did not believe the Warren Report. The poll went on to say that 68% of the same people did not think there should be a new investigation of President Kennedy's assassination. If these polls can be credited, it appears that the posture of the American people is to say to the government, "I know you lied to me about the death of the President and that's okay. The only thing I ask you now is please don't tell me the truth." And if that is the posture of the American people, I don't really know what can be done about the assassinations which have followed, let alone the JFK murder. The country has changed.

I can see how the average person would not want to know the truth. The terror of knowing that everything you believed in is corrupt and lie can make a person very insecure. For the average American, it is better to sweep the whole thing under the table and forget it.

You know, there are people today who say that "he wasn't such a good President anyway—so who cares about who killed him."

What do you think really happened to Oswald?

I think that Oswald was moved around. I think that he believed that he was an employee of the FBI. And maybe he was an employee of the Bureau. He certainly believed he was. He was present at meetings when the assassination of the President was discussed. And he sent a message on November 18, 1963, to the Washington office of the FBI which said that there was a plan to assassinate the President of the United States on November 22, 1963, in Dallas, Texas. The FBI sent a telex message to every other southern regional office informing them of Oswald's information.

How do you know this?

Well, one of the messages went to a William Steven Walters, a night security clerk in the New Orleans office of the FBI. As soon as it was received, he called a man named Maynard, the special agent in charge of the New Orleans office, and Maynard said, "Call our eleven agents who work with the underworld and let them know. Get back to me in the morning." Walters put down the time he had called Maynard and the names of the eleven men on the back of the message. After Kennedy was assassinated, Walters realized the importance of the document, so he went back to the office and took it home with him. He's no longer working for the FBI and he still must have the message. I met Walters while I was lecturing at Tulane University where he was studying law. He came forward and gave me the information. When Garrison raised this with the federal government and asked for the original copy of the message, Mr. Walters was contacted by the FBI and told that if he ever discussed this matter again, he would be charged with revealing government secrets. And then he disappeared. And we haven't heard from him since. Garrison tried to call him as a witness for the Clay Shaw trial, but no one could find him anymore. He certainly wasn't in New Orleans.

The more one talks to you, the more one gets the feeling that the society is doomed. What you are essentially saying is that every time a decent person comes along who is capable of leading a mass movement for human rights or anti-militarism, he is fated to be gunned down by certain rather sinister forces who hold power.

Who's left? Who's left to talk for the black people of the country—for the disenfranchised? Who's left to speak eloquently in opposition to the war in Vietnam and in opposition to the control of the country by the Pentagon? by the hardware manufacturers? and by the CIA? Nobody! The four people who could do it best, for whatever reason, are all dead and I don't think it's an accident. I think that they were chosen. And I think if Senator McCarthy had won the Democratic nomination in Chicago that he wouldn't be alive today. And I think maybe that he thinks that, too. And if it is true that he does think that, it would explain a lot about what has happened to him since Chicago.

During the course of your five-year investigation of the murder of President Kennedy, you've also done some inquiring about the assassinations of Malcolm X, Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy. Do you think the four assassinations are connected?

Well, I don't think that all these murders are the acts of "lone crazed assassins." I do know that the CIA killed John Kennedy. I don't know who specifically killed Malcolm X, King or Robert Kennedy, but an ordinary police technique requires an examination of that question. If there appears to be a similar motive because a similar kind of person is killed, you can develop some hypotheses to work on.

Frankly, these four crimes have many frightening similarities. All of the victims were men who had the ability and charisma to move masses of people to change the direction of this country. They were men who spoke out against the war in Vietnam, against control of this country by the hardware manufacturers and the Pentagon, and against racism. All of them are dead, killed, according to official explanations, by "lone assassins" or Black Muslims. Similar methods were used in three of the cases. And in the deaths of John F. Kennedy, Malcolm X, and Martin Luther King, the assassins all escaped from the scene.

With the exception of a piece in 'The Realist', very little has been written in the non-black press about Malcolm X's assassination. Why do you think Malcolm was really killed? Almost no one that I know in the black community believes the Muslims did it.

Evidently Malcolm didn't think he was being threatened by the Muslims, either. Shortly before his death, when he knew he was a marked man, he told his wife, his sister, and his biographer that he thought the CIA was about to execute him.

I think he was eliminated for very important political reasons. When Malcolm X was spokesman for Elijah Muhammad he was receiving more column inches in 'Time' and 'Newsweek' than Martin Luther King. But when he returned from Mecca and said blacks and whites could work together, the press began to ignore him. He was really beginning to get effective just before his assassination. He was building a very important political base for himself in Harlem. But he did something even more unforgivable than that—he developed important ties with African leaders which really could have brought revolutionary changes in terms of the black liberation movement at home. When he moved in these two areas it became clear he was a threat to those who run the country, so he no longer was on television. And you never read about him any more. And then he was dead. In his autobiography he points out how he was trying to develop a radical coalition of blacks and whites. He felt his work would probably be responsible for his being killed—perhaps before he finished his book—which is what happened.

That's precisely what the Black Panthers today are trying to do. get radical whites working as allies of revolutionary blacks. That's also why they are getting killed and jailed. But back to Malcolm, what precisely happened?

On the day he was killed the New York City cops were in the Audubon Ballroom in droves. Malcolm had asked for police protection because his house had been bombed a week earlier. Well, he never got very much police protection, but he did get a lot of police witnesses to his death. They saw several men walk up to Malcolm and fire at him at a public meeting in Harlem. One of Malcolm's bodyguards, who fired

WE EAT OUR BROTHER FRED, BECAUSE YOUR POWER IS IN HIM, O CHARLIE! BY EATING HIM WE EAT YOU, AND BY EATING YOU WE EAT THE FOOD OF LOVE AND ETERNAL LIFE!

BYE, FRED!

What follows is the transcript of an interview with Ed Sanders, long-time peace activist and author of 'The Family'—an account of the life and times of Charles Manson.

The style of your book is very factual. You've been criticized about all the dates and times and the excessive detail.

I knew that those were the criticisms we all anticipated and discussed at the publishers. And I decided that was the reality that built up. I was just laying out the facts and tried to keep myself out of it.

Do you really think you did that?

Not really. But I tried. I don't exist in the book. I just tried to coldly depict what I'd learned. If people find it boring, it is boring. But that's what life is all about. I wanted to de-mythologize the Manson thing. I wanted to depict it in all its boredom. It's a slow progression or transgression from the flower of 1967 to the pig of 1968 to the carnage of 1969, and I didn't want to make them heroes for anybody. So I coldly presented the facts. I put in a lot of aliases and facts and a lot of criminal police data. I was influenced by police reports. In certain ways I was writing like writers in the LA police department whose reports I saw.

I remember your telling me that they had asked you to do the book.

No. I would never be commissioned to do a book, ever. I decided to write a little thing about it. I didn't know if it was going to be a book or what, but some thing. I thought I could write a book quickly. This was in December of '69, right after everybody started getting arrested for all those killings. And they were trashing all those people as hippies, etc. And none of it seems to make sense. So I thought I could go out to LA and gather the data quickly and just do a thing. Sometimes I write very quickly. Usually I can just write something out and it doesn't take so long. I've been practicing my style for 15 years. I felt competent to just do it. So I get out there and I can't get any facts because everybody is paranoid and there are all kinds of death threats against not me, but against various principles in the case. There's all kinds of weirdness and bribes and freakiness and nothing makes sense. So I wind up traveling all over the US interviewing people with a little tape recorder. Talking to cops, to lawyers, to the Manson family.

Did you get in to see Manson?

Yes. Most of my investigation, I stayed away from him because he was very interested in projecting an image of his clan that was contrary to the reality of the situation.

Which was what?

Well, they thought they could manipulate the underground press toward adopting the position, the umbrella of which would cover Manson and his brutalities and his associates' brutalities.

When you did get to see Manson, what was he like?

I don't know how to answer that question because he just lectures. You don't get anything from him. My interest was for information and the family's interest was not for anybody to know the story. So when you go and see any of those people in jail they just give you lectures. He's pretty glib and he's very elegant in his phrases in a paranoid, schizophrenic way. His interest was to give lectures on his flights of fancy. He wanted to get off. He thought he was going to get off.

Manson had a hypnotic rap about how the modern blacks were arming themselves. How he, Manson, had talked to blacks in prison and he had learned of heavy arms caches here and there.

He had a way of stirring up paranoia that was legendary. Goose bumps shivered the back of the arms during his whispered superstitious lectures on karma and imminent doom. With language as flawed as a President's announcing an invasion of a South Asian country, he announced that the blacks would rise up, kill a few million whites, take over the reins of government.

Then, the story continues, after forty or fifty years the blacks would turn the Government to Manson when they supposedly found themselves unfit to rule the world. Oo-ee-oo.

THE FAMILY

Why?

At the end he talked all the other defendants into testifying that he had nothing to do with it. But their lawyers wouldn't go along with it. There were all kinds of death notes and one lawyer actually died.

The one who went on the hiking trip?

Yeah, we went into his house after he died to see what was up because we thought he was murdered. So we found all these death notes. And there are circumstances about his death which are certainly wierd. I'm still not sure if it was an accidental death.

When Susan Atkins, a.k.a. Sadie Glutz, talked in prison she seemed to tell those other women a lot of detail.

Well, they were pumping her. She had a very eager mouth. Is she the one who got immunity?

THE CRAZED VETS AND THEIR CHICKS BEGIN TO CHANT —



Originally and then she changed her mind and Linda Kasabian got immunity and got off. She's now living in Canada trying to make a new life for herself.

In the Tate-LaBianca murders Manson didn't murder anyone. So who did he actually murder?

In the California penal code first degree murder covers giving orders to murder. He went into the LaBianca house and tied them up and everybody testified that he didn't participate in the crimes. He just recently was convicted of a decapitation. *Shorty Shea?*

Yeay. He got convicted for Hinman too.

But he didn't do that.

He hacked his ear. Well, I don't know. There's conflicting testimony. One other person who is now living says Manson did it. At this point he's convicted of nine murders.

One of Manson's favourite raps was built around a rural pigslaughter. Those who have been unfortunate enough to have witnessed it will know how a pig is tied up and hung by its hind feet, de-skinned and then ripped open and innards removed. This is precisely what Manson preached for the so-called "pigs" of Brentwood.

You know the book, "In Cold Blood", which has a totally different approach. It's a novelization. Most of your book was reportage.

Right, Capote constructed conversations. I was overwhelm-

ed by data. My book reflects one hundredth of the information. If I had the energy and the concern I could have written a ten-volume day-by-day narration of events. I didn't. Capote did it. He had a different way of doing research.

What's not in the book are all the reports I read in earlier articles about Manson's hypnotic personality. You just get the feeling that Manson is this little greasy punk who likes to fuck all the time.

I presented the facts. I don't believe in the supernatural, in reincarnation, in ghosts, in magic. I know that hypnosis is possible. I know there's been research on criminal behaviour under hypnosis and it's possible to get people who are submissive to commit criminal acts. And anybody who's desperate enough can get people, followers to commit crimes. My book

just presented the facts. I don't think Manson was a super-human raving Rasputin who had an aura of supernatural powers whose mere gaze got people to commit felonious acts.

Manson was armed. Indeed, he was armed: the magic sword was stuck in a metal tube on the steering column of the dune buggy; a pistol was in a holster on the bucket seat between Charlie's legs; and there was a knife strapped to his ankle.

Some say the long hair swatches shorn from the girls were tied together and were affixed to the dune-buggy roll bar. The canopy of ocelot fur decorated the back deck near the machine-gun mounts.

Why do you think Manson was a murderer?

Well, he got more and more frustrated. First of all, when he got out of jail after having spent many years in prison, he became everything from a pimp to a bartender. His m.o., his modus operandi, was that of a pimp. Why, you see those guys standing around in Times Square every day issuing sharp, hostile directives to these females. That's his thing. I just wanted to present him in a non-magical, non-religious, non-superstitious aura and do it as dryly as possible and one way to do it is to deliberately create boredom. I love it when people say my book is boring. That's the greatest compliment. Because that is exactly what I wanted to do. They should have seen what the publishers took out. I was printing social security numbers. There couldn't have been enough trivia. I was ready to put in fingerprint indexes. I was ready to put in everything,

just complete data. I got a lot of it pushed out because I guess they wanted to sell the book.

Why did you do this?

Because it creates this tedious boredom and that's what it really was. Even though they killed them, everything they did was unesthetic. There was nothing about them or the series of events that was esthetic. At the Spahn ranch all you see are horse flies swarming above this huge pile of manure and the sway backed horses and the filthy buildings and just how pathetic it all was. And even the way they killed and every-

ever you want—the only thing is, you have to obey a few rules. Number one is if somebody is stopped in the desert then you have to stop and help them. Two, you don't steal under any circumstances. It's just a code of the West: you steal, you die. Everybody kind of respects everybody else. And the Manson gang is out there and committed some robberies like breaking into cars. One guy complained to me that he was stopped by the side of the road and these people whizzed by and wouldn't stop.

And people started to get suspicious minds about him and



thing they did was just sleazy, icky, junky, you'd have to go back to the words children use. Mushy and uck. And one way of doing it was to bore people to death—to life; to bore people to life.

Does that mean that you were bored when you were trying to write it?

No, but I felt the events were. See, my book isn't about Manson. It's about criminal behaviour under patterns of suggestion. It is about fascism. It's about blind obedience, about people wandering around not knowing what they're doing without having plans and just willing to obey. It doesn't dig into their minds. It's purely existential: it's just what they did. It's a travelogue. See, I wanted to get that slow drive toward snuff. That slow, twisted path that led them from the counter culture to the crazy culture.

Was there anyone connect-d with the murders whom you think hasn't been prosecuted?

Yeah, I think so. But I think most of that stuff that I depicted in the book is pretty much curtailed.

While they were at the Barker Ranch how did they connect the murders to Manson? Was it because Susan Atkins talked in jail?

No, it was very complicated. Manson burned a huge earth moving device in Death Valley. Thought the Death Valley park rangers had dug a hole just to trap him. He was really paranoid. So he had his people burn it. So that really made the park rangers angry. Death Valley is still a gold mining country, so the people are very individualistic. They'll let you do what-

then they found out that he was running around with stolen stuff. After he burned the Michigan loader they followed his tyre tracks for twenty and thirty miles and found out where he was staying and found out it was a bunch of hippies with stolen cars. And slowly they built up a case against him. He then became a suspect in the other murders, the Tate-LaBianca murders, because of a couple of informers who told the police. They couldn't get a case, though, until Susan Atkins started babbling to her cellmates. And when the cellmates reported to the police they had sufficient evidence to go against everybody. So it took them about a month to get them after they thought it was Manson. It took time to get enough evidence to hold up in court. The rules of evidence are very strict.

I know there was a list of future victims. Do you think they would have gone on killing people?

I think he dug the media. He was a media freak. I think they wanted to raid and snuff and they thought they could get away with it. They thought they could raid out of Death Valley with their dune buggies. They were really shooting big, everybody from Bing Crosby to Tom Jones. They wanted to snuff and then go back up into Death Valley and create confusion as they would call it.

By going to Death Valley?

No, by killing. You know the three assassinations of King and the Kennedy's killed a lot of sensitivity in this country, for types of change.

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DO YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MY

BUMMER

There are a great many people who have never experienced psychedelics who have been influenced by the publicity given those who've "gone on a bummer." This account of the consequences of taking some small pills alleged to be Romilar (a cough medicine that taken in large dosage gives somewhat psychedelic sensations) illustrates in some detail the negative feelings that minddrugs can sometimes evoke and may explain how a bummer happens.

Danny was a sweet young kid, and I had wanted to get him high, but sometime after the two of us swallowed those pills I began to get a little worried. Things for me were flattening out as we drove across the Bay Bridge, and I noticed when we drank coffee that Danny didn't look like he was having a particularly fine time. I guess he told you that the two of us were taking different stuff. The pills were an unusual colour, and I had never taken that brand before. As the time passed, I began having my doubts whether Thornton's Cough Suppressant was really Romilar or not.

As I watched Danny turn a little pale, I tried to think of what we might do. I was rapidly losing hope of his having a pleasant time, so thought it best to distract him. I thought maybe it'd be easy if we drove out to Golden Gate Park and looked at the museum of stuffed animals. "There are great antelopes in the African Hall," I told Danny. "Maybe they'll look alive." We were both a little sleepy, and things began looking somewhat hollow.

After a while Danny and I agreed to go out to the park. But when we got there it was late, about 5.30. All the museums were closing, so we walked across to the Japanese gardens. I noticed that the pavement was soft and wavy and kind of fun to walk on. But, in the gardens, everything seemed hollow again. I was trying to calm down and ignore the obvious signs of a bad high, but pretty soon I was convinced we were in for it. We went over to the Buddha and looked at it for some time. Usually with Romilar the Buddha is one of my best friends, but just then I couldn't make it smile. I was starting to feel a tremendous weight pressing in on my head. Danny was quiet and then wanted to go, so we walked somewhere, and I think we lay down on the grass for a little while.

On the way back to the car, I blanked out—at least I couldn't remember the last half of the trip. Some time later I woke to find myself in the back seat of my car, but other than for that I had no idea where I was. Danny was up front motionless.

I had forgotten, I mean literally, that Danny existed. I looked at my body and felt sick. My mind started sliding. I couldn't get out of the back seat. I couldn't even open the door.

After that it was messy. Thank God memory is selective—eventually I'll get over it. I blacked out again and woke up in the bushes outside the car, shitting and pissing and vomiting all at once. I had crap all over me. I went back to the car and stared at Danny. His forehead looked like a bloody checkerboard, and the look in his eye was awful.

About this time things started to flash all around. Instead

of seeing things constantly, my brain began mixing them up, and I would see them in flashes. I tried to fight this, but it became too intense. I knew I just wouldn't be able to take it. I did everything I could to keep the flashing down to a level where it was just very frightening. Very frightening. At the time it seemed intolerable, this flashing—but, even so, I was damned lucky. To the extent that I could direct my attention, I tried to think that Danny was really in bad shape—that it was up to me to save him, to get him out of that situation. I tried not to think about myself at all, or how I felt, and this helped a lot. Even now I don't like to think about it or talk about it—though I do remember.

I decided to go for help and insisted that Danny stay in the car. I wasn't at all sure Danny had heard me, but Danny looked so stiff I was positive he would never move. Just in case someone came by, I gave him a book. Danny tore out some of the pages and kept turning the book over—he said later that he couldn't see it at all.

Probably Danny and I were having such a bad time because the medicine was crude, because it wasn't designed for a high. You always run the risk with this kind of stuff—it's intended as cough medicine so they can put in all sorts of things which can kill you if you take too much of a time.

After making sure Danny was incapable of leaving the car, I went off looking for a telephone. I first found a men's room. It was only after about five minutes of looking around that I figured out where I was. I mean to tell you nothing was clear. After walking and turning and getting lost I finally got on a path which led to a phone.

I first tried to get the operator to give me the number of an old girlfriend in Berkeley, since I knew no one would be at home. I wondered how long it would take Sue to get across to San Francisco, and whether I'd live another half hour. I had the feeling that someone was going to ambush me up ahead, someone, anyone, I didn't know who—and that there was nothing I could do. I was in the maze, and I knew I couldn't get out.

Finally I got the phone to ring. I had to call the operator three times before I was able to write the whole number down. It rang, and rang, and rang. At first I sort of forgot I was trying to get Sue, and then I became desperate. This was bad, real bad—it helped me to think a little better.

On a long shot I called an old buddy, not really believing he was still in town. "Hello, hello, is Jerry there?"

"Jerry? No, he's out and won't be back until late tonight." Doom. I didn't know what to do, so I asked if there was a number I could call. The guy on the other end apparently went off somewhere. It seemed an eternity. I really had no idea what was happening. I just stood there with the phone in my hand. It really startled me when I heard his voice again. The voice told me that Jerry had left no number to call.

I was about to say thanks and hang up. The whole show was over—Danny and I were dead, kaput. But then without really knowing what I was doing, I asked the kid on the other end if he knew anything about drugs.

"You mean like LSD," he asked. "No, not really." Thank God he had heard of LSD. I felt considerably cheered. I asked if he could drive, if he could hurry to the front of the de Young Museum. The voice replied, "yess," so I hung

Illustration by Joachin Boske

up. Later I realized that I'd forgotten to mention what I looked like and it also occurred to me that I didn't know what he looked like. "What the hell was his name?" I couldn't remember. "Simon? Did he say Simon?"

I was extremely cautious on my way over to the museum. I thought it took an eternity to get there, and I wasn't at all sure Simon had waited. I stood at the bus stop in front of the museum, my mind still going every which way. I found I could hardly stand it, and three or four times I started to return to the car.

I kept thinking I ought to phone again. I felt I had to know what time it was, but I couldn't even decide how to figure that one out. There was a terrible smell in the air which must have been my clothes. Finally, after a long time, the kid drove up. He told me his name was Simon and added that he had come as quickly as he could. He said I sounded pretty broken up on the phone.

My main problem with Simon was that I couldn't get him to understand the state I was in. I looked a mess and he realized I couldn't always talk coherently, but he had no idea of what had happened in my mind. We returned to my car, but the trip didn't seem worth making and I went only because Simon kept urging me on. Danny was still there—at least part of him was. "Danny! Danny!" I shouted at him. It was hard getting him to respond. His forehead was even more mottled than before, and he looked pudgy—as if all his bones had relaxed.

I was getting tired, and on the way to the apartment I just gave up fighting. I had wanted to keep fighting but I was just too tired. It was a lousy awful trick what they did to your mind. I hated it. I started hating everything. I think I lost whatever sense of sanity I had.

About half way back to the apartment, Danny began yelling, "I'm dying! I'm dying! Get me air!" He was shouting so loud that people in other cars were looking around at us. He shouted all the way back. He wanted air and water, and he was sure that he was dying. Simon didn't know anything about drugs, so naturally he got pretty rattled. "Thank God he's only seventeen," I told myself. "Thank God he knows he doesn't know anything about drugs." I tried to tell Danny to take it easy, but it was like getting a man to smile when he's on his deathbed. After a while I started to believe that Danny really was dying.

We had to climb a flight of stairs to get up to Simon's apartment. Each step was like a whole flight of stairs itself. The stairs looked impossible to climb—I was sure we wouldn't make it. But I had in mind the thought that we had to get Danny to vomit, and I did everything I could to become compulsive about that thought. I just had to get him up the stairs. Eventually we all got up there.

I sat down and told myself I had to think this thing through. I kept thinking I was playing games, like that it was only for amusement we were pouring dishwater down each other's throat. I found I could only play being serious. I was trying to think what to do about that when Simon's voice broke in and I realized he was asking the operator for the nearest hospital. He was trying to get an ambulance.

There was a real mixup in my feelings. We had to keep Danny from dying, but on the other hand I didn't want to



leave the apartment. The way my mind was working, I thought a hospital probably meant jail later, and I knew an ambulance cost money. I wasn't able to think at all and could come to no conclusion. Everything was falling apart.

Simon was still on the phone. I tried to look at Danny. It was hard to see him through all the flashing. I tried to remember that other people had had bad times on drugs and gotten over it, but I couldn't convince myself. I was sure that in a little while Danny would be feeling fine. But then for a moment I thought he was dying. I was sure he was dying.

Finally I persuaded Simon that if we drove we could get to a hospital faster than an ambulance and asked him if he had the address. I thought that we could go from one hospital to another until Danny started cheering up. I was certain that, given a little time, things would work out. Somehow we had to stay out of hospitals. I wasn't going to any jail.

Simon didn't know anything about San Francisco streets, and so he was willing to listen to me. I got out a map and told Simon I'd navigate, feeling pretty sure that somewhere along the line Danny would decide that he was all right, and then we could go back home.

After turning two corners I saw a grocery store and told Simon to stop. "The thing is to get Danny so he's coming down. You know hospitals—forty-five minutes before they'll give you anything. What's important is to get that drug out of his bloodstream. If we stop now for some milk, we can drink it on the way. It's best to get the blood going to the stomach."

It did seem important to get some good mild cheese and milk—because I kept thinking we had to get the blood flowing to Danny's stomach. To get the drug out of his bloodstream. I knew Danny would be satisfied as long as we were on our way to the hospital. Somehow we had to keep going to hospitals, but I had to see to it that we never allowed ourselves to get there. We finished off half a gallon of milk and all the time I was praying. I thought that any minute Danny would come down and decide he was all right—but he didn't.

I was guzzling milk myself because my mind was still flying all over the place. One moment I would think, "Get Danny to the hospital"—all the arguments in my mind were conclusive. Then suddenly I would know that I had to keep him away. All sorts of ideas were breaking in—memories from childhood, the feeling that I was mad or was going mad, fantastic evil hallucinations of dark, deathly quiet black and white rooms. I got more and more confused, and finally none of it made any sense at all.

Suddenly I woke up and found myself in the emergency ward. The fluorescent lights were flashing, and the walls looked like gold. I wondered how we got there, and then I remembered standing outside. I remembered insisting that we all wear white shirts. I looked down at my shirt, then at the floor, and then I realized again that we were in the emergency ward.

We went up to the desk and I tried to think up some story I could tell them. All I could think of to say was that we had "escaped from the mental hospital" and "would they give us temporary relief so we could continue on our way?" That was the only sort of story I could think of.

Danny tried to give his name, but fortunately he couldn't do it. He said "Johnny Markham," so low you could hardly hear him. He wouldn't look directly at anyone.

"Listen," I said, collecting my thoughts a little, "Listen, I think my friend here, I think he's been food-poisoned. John, here, and I went out to a little coffee shop in North Beach and ordered some borscht and a couple of beers. I think we got it there. It suddenly hit us. I have vomited and feel better, but Johnny's in a bad way. He thinks he's dying." To my immense relief, since I felt I couldn't have said much more, the nurse seemed to understand. At the desk they somehow lost interest in getting names and addresses. Danny was looking

extremely pale, as though he was about to collapse. They put him in a wheel chair, and he was wheeled down the hall. Simon and I followed.

They brought Danny into a little room and then left the

three of us alone. I began getting worried about jail again. "Look," I said, "if everything's all right we've got to get out of here." But, before I could finish, the doc came in. Danny was crumpled up in the wheel chair, so much so the doctor had a time getting him to sit up. He flashed a light in Danny's eyes, but Danny didn't respond at all.

I knew something had to be done, but I couldn't make up my mind. At times it seemed that Danny was really dying, that everything had to be done to save him. At other times it seemed the best thing was simply to walk out. About then I heard the doctor saying, "All right, what have you been taking?" Danny had promised he wouldn't say anything about drugs, but he was awfully confused. After a moment's hesitation, Danny looked up hopefully at the doctor and whimpered, "Romilar! Romilar! It was Romilar! Help me! Oh please help me!" I started feeling doomed. The ball had started to roll.

Two nurses came in, and the doctor walked across the hall. I went to watch him. One of the nurses told me he was calling the Oakland Poison Centre. I figured from that that the doctor didn't know anything about drugs. He was a young guy with an earnest face and a kind of boyish way. I first decided to try and reason with him. I was genuinely concerned and there didn't seem to be any point in hiding anything. But then I couldn't make up my mind about what to do. I looked back at Danny and saw he no longer was slouched over—and I thought, "Maybe we should just walk out."

I began thinking about the doctor again and wondered if I should tell him what I knew. I'd been up on Romilar fifteen or twenty times, and knew this jazz wasn't acting like Romilar. What I should do seemed clear until I started to do it. Twice I walked over to see the doctor. He seemed irritated by that. "God, if he only knew what I'm going through," I thought. In order to see him, I had to go through an open doorway. Each time it was as if I was forced to walk through a pane of glass. I would come to the doorway and wonder—was it worth the effort? Was it worth walking through?

Eventually I did talk to the doctor. I told him that in my opinion all Danny needed was a little cheering up—just some official who would tell him he was going to be all right. "You do that, Doc, and he'll perk up right way." After a while, I got through. The doctor asked a nurse to keep on the phone for him and came back across the hall.

When the doctor told him, Danny couldn't believe it. "Oh boy," he said, "Oh boy. Gee that's great. That's wonderful. Oh. Oh. Oh. Hutch," he said to me, "Hutch! I'm going to live! I'm not dead. I'm really alive!" You should have seen him.

There isn't much more to tell. The doctor went back to the phone, and I decided it was time for the three of us to get out of there. My mind still wandered, but I was able to take command. I told the others, "We're going down this corridor, and we're going now, right now!" Everyone up, or something like that. We just walked out. Danny, of course, was immensely relieved, and we laughed a lot on the way back to Simon's apartment. It was hard to believe we had been in the hospital less than an hour.

There are always good things about bad times. That was the worst time. One of the good things about that time is that now I feel real safe when I'm normal. I just feel real safe. I feel like I can handle myself under any circumstances, and I like normality a lot better. I'm just not worried at all. About anything. It gave me the sense that normality is one thing I can really handle.

This account is an extract from Peter Stafford's book, recently published by Academy Editions, London, 'Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty'.

EAT IT

The following statements are not intended to be a complete diet list. However, they do make interesting reading and may well contain more truth than we know.

ARIES: Natives under Aries (and any of the other fire signs) should choose a diet largely from foods growing above the ground. The colour of Aries is Red and the plants formed upon the earth by this vibration are red rhubarb, berries and all fiery greens: mustard, onions, radishes, peppers.

TAURUS: The colour is yellow. Many of the familiar garden vegetables belong to this sign such as yellow beets, beans, sweet potatoes and carrots.

EARTH SIGNS harmonize with foods growing beneath or in the earth. Natives coming under the earth and water signs need the earth forces as much as the fire and air signs require the powers of the Sun.

GEMINI: The colour is violet. Prolific bearers in the vegetable kingdom belong to this sign. Also green vegetables and acid fruits. People belonging to the air signs need foods grown above ground through not to the same extent as do the fire signs. They also require a varied diet.

CANCER: The colours are white and green. Cancer plants are cucumbers, squash and all kinds of melons. Cancer natives respond to the fruits and greens that grow in the shade and are only reached by indirect sunlight.

LEO: The colour is orange. The native should draw especially on the yellow foods richest in the life vitamins formed by the direct sun rays. Yellow foods are richest in Vitamin C content.

VIRGO: The colours are violet and gold. The golden russet foods of autumn give health and substance to its own. All grains, as barley, oats, rye and wheat, form under the Virgo Ray.

LIBRA: Golden yellow and crimson are the colours. Librans respond particularly to the red and yellow fruits and to all vegetables grown above the ground.

SCORPIO: The colours are red and in particular deep scarlet. The best foods are red and yellow. The water signs particularly Scorpio should eat freely of watery fruits and vegetables.

SAGITTARIUS: Royal purple is the colour. The best foods for this regal fire sign are those tinged with the crimson and gold of the Sun's direct power. Fire signs can assimilate raw foods more easily than the other signs.

CAPRICORN: The colours are indigo and black and white. All foods grown in the earth are easily assimilated in the Capricorn's regular diet. The natives of this sign may partake without harmful effects of richer foods than any of the other earthy signs. The earth signs require more food than either the fire, air or water, and also may partake regularly of a richer diet.

AQUARIUS: The colours are indigo and white. The foods largely the white fruits and vegetables. Celery, asparagus, parsnips, potatoes and pears are especially good. All air signs can partake freely of all white starchy vegetables. Aquarians require less food than any of the 12 other signs.

PISCES: Colours are silvery-blue and sea-green. Foods best assimilated are warm tropical fruits and vegetables such as dates, pomegranites, white figs; also all vegetables grown under the ground.

And now for the recipe!

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- (1) Peel a few large or several small potatoes. Cut them into small pieces.
- (2) Scrape and slice two carrots very thin. A cut-up stick of celery can be added too. If you like the taste of celery but not the cooked celery itself, leave it whole so that the piece can be removed at the end.
- (3) Peel a handful of those very small onions. Or one large onion cut into quarters and pulled apart.
- (4) Wash a large wedge of cabbage and shred it coarsely.
- (5) Any left-over vegetables should be added too (say the remains of a pkt of frozen brussels sprouts).
- (6) Place all left-over already cooked

vegetables in a colander and rinse in very cold water. Drain.

(7) In a large pan, melt 2 tbsp each of butter and bacon drippings. When sizzling add all the vegetables and 1 or 2 crushed cloves of garlic. Over a medium heat saute the vegetables until they become golden. Add 1 tsp salt, several dashes of seasoned pepper, paprika and 1 tsp Worcestershire sauce. Stir and saute another minute.

(8) Turn the vegetables into a deep casserole or baking dish. Stir in a small can of stewed tomatoes. If you have a tin of corn you could add some of that too. Water or broth can be used but there should not be more than ¼ cup of liquid. Stir everything together. Sprinkle breadcrumbs and grated cheese on top. Cover and bake in a 400°F oven for 30 minutes.

Vegetables that keep well and should always be on hand are potatoes, onions, carrots and cabbage. You can always make a fine meal with just these four vegetables.

FRENCH CANADIAN RAGOUT

2 sliced tomatoes	butter
½ cup of mushrooms	milk
1 medium onion	arrowroot (or
1 green pepper	cornflour)
seasalt and honey	

Saute the onion and mushrooms in 2 tbs of butter. Add pepper and tomato and cook for 2 minutes. Cover and simmer for 10 mins. When almost ready, dissolve 2 tsp of arrowroot or cornflour in ½ cup milk and add to the ragout. Season with ½ tsp of sea salt and 1½ tsp of honey (if desired). Turn the heat up and stir till thick. Pour the whole trip over whole wheat toast or brown rice. This dish can be varied by changing the vegetables or by adding different spices or cheeses.